Twentieth Century Civilization

A Drama in Four Acts

BY

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

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The Author

John Pierpont Morgan

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SAN FRANCISCO

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Preface

In this play is expressed the depths of my hatred for war. I have endeavored to show in all sincerity, and without evasion, some of the causes and some of the results of this incredibly stupid and disastrous method of settling the disputes of mankind. Even if these same disputes were ever settled by such infamous and wholesale slaughter, little enough could be said for war; but as a matter of fact, they are never settled by it. When, in the history of mankind, has the hatred of one tribe for another been changed to friendship by murder? Never! If peace has resulted, it has been a peace of exhaustion—a treaty founded upon terror and torture. And black and bitter has been the spirit festering in the hearts of the vanquished. Festering and fostered by the lurid tales of their fathers until, sooner or later, it breaks out again in an overwhelming fury and another even more outrageous slaughter, flanked by the specters of rape, torture, and arson, has been the inevitable result. Remember France, who, after her galling defeat by the German armies in 1870, never forgot the outrages that had been perpetrated upon her, but fed and nourished the spirit of revenge until she was able to repay those same outrages, each for each, in the Great World War of 1914. It is the utter stupidity, sterility, and uselessness of battle that has moved me to write this play, in the sincere hope of helping to abolish war forever.

I have been many years in gathering the data for this drama and I think I may safely say that the picture I have drawn is a true one. It reveals the helpless despair of the laboring man who, after tramping the streets for weeks in an effort to secure work at a living wage, with which to support his starving family, is offered his choice between a scab job at $1.50 a day and a job in a munition factory at $8 a day, making cartridges which will be used to shoot down his fellow men, his brothers in other lands who have never done him any harm in thought, or word, or deed. Then there is the agony of his courageous and affectionate wife who is willing to sell herself into prostitution that her children may have bread; and the suffering of the children themselves, learning the bitter facts of hunger and privation almost from the cradle itself.

I have shown here, too, the cold self-complacency of the benevolent societies. Their utter ignorance of the actual sensations of dire poverty and hunger and their trite precepts of duty for the poor. Their cultivation of charity as a hobby and of the poor as a sordid interest. And I have shown the injustice of justice, the generous heart of the labor leader, and the social Christianity of the godless. All these things I have observed and actually experienced during the years in which this drama of "Twentieth Century Civilization" has lain, gathering shape in my consciousness. And it is not without due knowledge and concentration that I desire to place it before the public now.

War between peoples is cruel and detrimental. Its result is destruction and hatred. The young men themselves, drugged

by "patriotism," lured by those most seductive of all strains—military music—blinded by the colors on the flag, these go in all honor and unselfishness to shoot and hack their fellow men to pieces, that the idle rich may live. These brave, eager young men, who have never learned to think for themselves and who go into that living death, that most consummate hell on earth—battle—are schooled on such slogans as "Your country needs you!" "Fight for democracy!" and "Your country will look after you when you return." How much of this is cruel, vicious, and misleading, we have only to look back at history to perceive. After the Boar War England was full of cripples. Men who were begging from door to door because they had risked everything for the country that had failed them. The same conditions, only intensified, were seen after the Great War of 1914. How many men got their jobs back? How many crippled, shell-shocked, and hideously disfigured men were offered light and suitable employment by the country for whose protection they had given absolutely everything that made their lives worth living? In a few isolated cases, yes, these men may have been cared for, but in the great majority of cases the promises made to them were empty, cast aside, or soon forgotten in the building up of industry and social life.

But the men who stayed at home and did not go out to fight for their country; the men who made the slogans and financed the military bands; the men who, with one hand, held out the hypocritical and empty promises and with the other drew their shares from the great Krupp's munition fac-

tory, or who signed an order for the dumping of potatoes in the sea so that the price of food might be kept up and their comfortable incomes increased thereby; these men have remained the ruling party, and they have retained their sinecure positions and their wealth.

Not until the laborer begins to realize the tremendous power that is his by right of majority; not until he turns from the football field, the moving pictures, and the long-hour day, and begins to shake his chains, will his case be any different than it has been in the past; not until he attends regularly at the labor college and listens to the earnest speakers and orators with something more than a tolerant indifference, will the low rumble of discontent be heard loudly enough to force the idle rich to notice it. Nobody can help the laborer if he will not help himself. He must study the underlying economic causes for his present position. It is only by education, by economic books, and plays, and pictures, that the average laboring man can be forced to realize his position and begin to go after the things that are his by right.

Until then he will continue to raise his sons for cannon-fodder, and his daughters to drudgery and prostitution. Until then he must continue to provide luxurious homes, expensive yachts, automobiles, and the best possible opportunities for the ruling party and the idle rich, while he himself struggles and ekes out an existence on a so-called living wage, unable to put anything by or to provide his family with a better way of earning the daily bread. Until he is able and willing to grasp the situation, it will be the laborer himself, the

father, and only breadwinner of a family, who will be the first one to offer himself to the call "To Arms." His will be the loudest voice in the singing of national anthems; his the heartiest cheer at the hoisting of the flag. His will be the first hand raised to tear to pieces the conscientious objector or the man who speaks a word against the country which has been gracious and generous enough to keep him from starvation in order that he may work himself to death.

Only by education and persistent teaching can this pathetic and ridiculous attitude on the part of the laborer be changed. And it is with this fact in mind, and in all faith and earnestness, that I have written my play. Should it help to wean the laborer from the mass of ruling party agenda that dazzles him today, should it throw a ray of light or serve to illustrate one single truth in the path of the laboring man, my labor will have been justified and my reward assured.

I have shown this drama to the following and other of America's leading authorities in the literary and academic world, and they have favored me with the following criticisms which I append:

University of California
Department of Slavic Languages

Berkeley, Calif.

My dear Mr. Morgan: The sentiment of your drama is *noble*. It goes back to the Hebrew prophets and to the gospel of Jesus, and to the oldest friends of humanity of all climes and ages. Yours is a cry for justice, a plea for equality of opportunity, and for a just distribution of the fruits of human endeavor. You point out the hypocrisy of modern philanthropy and charity, which does many little things for the poor and needy, but fails to go to the root of the evil—namely, to the nature of our economic order, which makes inevitable the superfluity of possessions on the one hand and the lack of necessities on the other hand. Your drama points out to the frequent cases of despair and despondency which result from economic disorder and unemployment and to the pitfalls that yawn in the path of the poor worker and his family.

I wish you success in publishing your play. A courageous publisher may, with some modifications, render your drama quite suitable for the stage, particularly for the workers' theater.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) Alexander Kaun,
Professor, University of California.

Twentieth Century Civilization

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA.

"Criticism" on drama "Twentieth Century Civilization"

By JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

EVERY RIGHT-MINDED MAN will respond to the protest against injustice in Mr. Morgan's drama entitled "Twentieth Century Civilization." We are given in this play a picture of a workingman named Green who is unable to find employment and whose wife and children are starving. A smug clergyman and a frivolous philanthropist fail to relieve the situation but a "godless" girl and a friendly labor leader take the law into their own hands and work out a solution. Mr. Morgan's sympathies are all on the side of those who rebel against "Things as they are" because, according to Mr. Morgan, "Things as they are" are about as bad as they could be. It is strange how easily we close our eyes to the horrors that are everywhere about us and how contentedly we doze while our brothers are crying aloud for help. I think that most of us really desire a better world to live in; but the weeks go by and we do nothing because there doesn't seem to be anything definite to do. When we are brought face to face with unendurable conditions we have at least a momentary impulse to get out into the fight and try to put to rights our lumbering civilization. Any piece of writing, therefore, that forces us to face unpleasant facts and that stirs us to action is worth while.

Let each man think what he will about the causes of the world's many evils and the best means of righting them: only, let each man *think!* I honor Mr. Morgan for caring that things are wrong; and I shall pay honor to no man or woman who can read his drama without caring whether they are wrong or not. And if enough of us care sufficiently that things shall be right then, somehow or other, they will be made right.

(Signed) H. D. GREY,
Professor of Stanford University.

Twentieth Century Civilization

David Starr Jordan
Stanford University
Palo Alto, California

Mr. John Pierpont Morgan,

71 Prosper Street, San Francisco, Calif.

My dear Mr. Morgan: Doctor Henry David Grey has just placed in my hands a copy of your play, and also a copy of his own reaction to it. I should agree entirely with Doctor Grey's statement. The play is very forceful. It is also partisan, not redeemed by anything that can be said on the other side. It does not seem floated by any degree of humor but is in dead earnest.

On the other side, those various evils cannot be credited to civilization, because if civilization means anything it means a gradual rousing of humanity from those oppressions which are as old as history. One of the prophets of the bible speaks of how he "returned" and "did consider all the oppressions wrought beneath the sun." They are fewer in America than anywhere else unless it be Switzerland and Scandinavia.

It is easy to make some criticism, but I hope that the play can be presented, and as Doctor Grey says, "I show no honor to any man or woman who can read this drama without caring." Very truly yours,

(Signed) David Starr Jordan.

DSJ:T.

Twentieth Century Civilization

Los Angeles.

My dear Mr. Morgan: I read your play, "Twentieth Century Civilization," and some of our members of the dramatic club read it with the greatest interest and came to the conclusion that the sentiment of your drama is very good—it can't be any better. It compares favorably in thought and emotion with the greater number of plays we see upon the modern stage. How much worthier to write of life as it really is, shorn of suburban convention and shorn also of that shoddy, cheap, and farcical appeal to sex which is popular certainly with the flapper, the office youth, and the moron, but which sickens and nauseates any thoughtful playgoer, or any lover of philosophy and realism. In your drama you are giving something to literature because you are not afraid to tell the truth, and truth, at least according to the great poet, Keats, is, after all, the total sum of beauty.

Your play goes back to the Hebrew prophets when the condition of the slaves only differed from that of the wage slaves of today in that they were kept, and were not free to starve. You take us back to the Gospel of Jesus and to the oldest friend of humanity, of all times and ages. You deplore the loss of this humanity to the sufferers of mankind today. The twisting and distorting of those sacred, helpful precepts, those loving simple commandments, and that gentle counsel, into the present-day powerful, heartless, cold, and wealthy organization that is called religion.

Yours is a cry for justice. You protest against the mockery of that justice which, ignoring the rights of the plundered widow, the persecution of the fatherless, the neglect of the sick, and the oppression of little helpless children, asks only the social standing of the robber and administers its "judgment" accordingly.

In your appeal for equality of opportunity, you give hope to the struggling artist in his garret, who smears genius onto a dingy canvas with a piece of broken chalk. Genius and art, often not even

recognized, which, did they emanate in only half their force from the pencil of the rich man's son in his art school, would win clamorous and servile approbation from the newspaper critics of the civilized world. You snatch at a chance for the starving poet whose possibly immortal works are often not even read by a busy subeditor who "does not know his name." Is it not the lack of equal opportunity which causes most of our greatest poets to die in poverty, unrecognized? Which strangles in their embryo many clever men of science who cannot afford to buy instruments or books that they need for their experiments and who cannot afford the time to study? You ask, in your play, for a just distribution of the fruits of human endeavor; for a decent return for the labor of the body and the brain, and a little less luxury for the man on top; fewer spirit-breaking hours of work; more chance for man to enjoy his life and know a little recreation, not merely to go on from day to day, making enough to feed himself that he may work tomorrow. You point out the hypocrisy of modern philanthropy and charity, the coldness of the givers, and the contempt with which the poverty of the workers is viewed by many of these so-called Christian institutions who forget that Christ had never a roof to his head nor money in his purse. Some of these institutions even demand that the worker shall have taken everything he owns to the pawnshop before they will give him bread. You admit that modern philanthropy does many little things for the poor and needy, but it fails to go to the root of the evil, namely, to the nature of our economic order, which makes inevitable the superfluity of possession on the one hand, and the lack of necessities on the other.

Your drama points to the frequent cases of despair and despondency which result from economic disorder and unemployment. The suicides, the hopeless "looking for a job," which wears out the heart of the family more even than a hard day's work. The domestic strife which poverty occasions, and the subsequent temptation to drown his

miseries in drink, which assails the unfortunate husband unable to support his home. Children, dragged up in poverty, running the streets with newspapers, are often hungry and ill-clad, and their parents cannot provide for suitable careers for them in life. They are turned out to battle as their parents have done, with, too often, the same barren result.

You unveil, in your play, the pitfalls that yawn on the path of the poor worker and his family. The sons, turning to gambling as a cheap recreation and an uncertain means of subsidizing their poor pay. The daughters are frequently driven to prostitution to the detriment of their health in after life, either in order to keep their jobs or because they cannot earn enough in wages to repay them for a hard day's labor—wages which often go for employment fees. Few girls fall into prostitution because of natural depravity. Many, because they are not strong enough to work long hours for little pay or because they have some one—an invalid mother, an aged father, or a babe—dependent upon them, must earn a little more to make ends meet.

All this, and more, your play would seek to remedy in sentiment and spirit. Yours truly,

Miss Janney A. Harding, *Secretary*.

Twentieth Century Civilization

Cast

ROSE SMITH, an agitator among the laborers.

ROLAND REVERA, labor leader.

JAMES GREEN, a discouraged and feeble worker.

MRS. HELEN GREEN, wife of James Green.

JOHN REDFORD, wealthy steel plant owner.

MISS REDFORD, daughter of the former, a philanthropist.

MR. GOODMAN, chairman of the charity society.

MISS BROWN, a school-teacher.

TOM AND FLO, children of the Greens.

HARRY JAMES, officer of the Juvenile Court.

COUNT SONOFF, European war agitator.

Also two attorneys, a judge, a jury, a bailiff, a captain of army, and mobs.

Costumes

For Mrs. Green—a well-developed and good-looking woman about thirty-five years of age—a clean but well-patched dress, bare legs, and ragged slippers, showing toes.

Children clean, with patched clothing and bare legs.

Rose—a girl about sixteen years old, measuring about four feet, ten inches in height—a patched dress but clean, white stockings, low shoes with low heels, a red bandana around the neck.

Other costumes, modern.

Prologue

Curtain rises on TRUTH *enthroned, in Grecian robes, stars in her crown and a scepter in her hand. On her right sits* JUSTICE; *on her left,* BROTHERLY LOVE. *A supplicant, kneeling, has just received his boon of* TRUTH. *A mob about the foot of the throne, in the conventional rage, applauds* TRUTH'S *action.*

MOB 1. Hail, Truth, the merciful!

2. Righter of wrongs. Benefactor of man.

3. Hear our pleas.

TRUTH. Who next brings charge of wrong or tale of ill before the court of TRUTH?

MOB 1. I.

2. I.

3. I came first. Hear me.

4. My case is the most urgent.

(Enter the worker, appropriately dressed.)

5. Who comes to swell the throng of supplicants before the throne of Truth?

6. Yes, who are you?

WORKER. I am the Worker! *(Mob gives way for him, hushed. He is given center stage and everything else necessary in the way of lights and grouping to focus attention on*

him.) . . . I am he, downtrodden through the ages, who rises at last to seek Truth, Justice, the Brotherhood of Man!

TRUTH. Speak, for we wait to hear thy story.

WORKER. We have waited, patient beneath the yoke, strong beneath our trials, silent under wrongs unbearable. But now humanity can stand no more. I speak for the struggling masses, for all those crushed and broken by the upper class, for the victims of the War Lords, for those innocents who died to give some fat and slothful general bloody victory, for the starved and seeking, for those who sow that others may reap, that die for others gain.

MOB 1. Give way!
2. Let him speak!
3. Hear him, Justice!
4. Judge, O Truth!
5. Help us, O Brotherly Love!
6. At last the worker will have justice.

TRUTH. Be silent, that the worker may state his case in the high tribunal of Truth. Here no wrongs are left unavenged, no criminal leaves unpunished, no plea for justice is unheard.

MOB 1. Speak, for you are the voice of us all!
2. We give way to you!
3. Justice, hear him!
4. Brother, be our spokesman!
5. Speak for us!
6. Let your case be known!

WORKER. My voice is not the voice of one man, nor yet the voice of all the workers on the earth. It is the cry of the millions who through all the ages have been crushed beneath the conqueror's heel, have been the slaves of "progress," of "civilization." In Babylon I starved and toiled to build the Hanging Gardens; in Nineveh I died a thousand times beneath the wheels of conquering armies. I was torn from wife and children, and driven with ships to build the Pyramids, while my friends and brothers died like flies beside me in the harnesses, and no one paused to weep.

MOB 1. I, too, died on the ships at Gizeh.

2. And I at Sakkara.

3. My child was killed, my wife was taken, by the armies of Semiramis.

4. And I was tortured for stealing grain from Pharaoh's horses when my children moaned for food.

5. And I was a galley slave, because I laughed when Alexander died.

WORKER. I am them all, all those who have died in foreign lands that Cæsar might write another line in his diary. All those who lined the streets of Rome, who were forced to cheer by soldiers when Cæsar refused the crown. Liberty! Democracy! Civilization! Millions of dead bodies for every inch of progress, for every crown upraised or fallen, for every page of history, and it is I who always died! The ages have always been dark for me. I crouched in cellars during the Reign of Terror, caring not which side had the victory, if I

could just have life. Is that so much to ask? Just life! Only a little bread, a little sleep, a little time to play, besides our toil. Yet even that has been denied us. We do not want gold, jewels, luxuries. Only a little time for rest, a chance to live, to see our families. We want our children to have childhood, not be forced into an old age of disease and hardship when they are still young. We want them to have an education, an equal chance with all. Is this too much to ask?

TRUTH. But these are older times that you speak of. Surely now there is democracy, civilization, humanity. Men are no longer brutes, but men.

WORKER. Yes! They are men! But they must live as brutes. Down in deep mines, losing their health, their lives, their freedom, to dig out coal and iron. Coal and iron that feed the flames of industry, but do not feed them more surely than do the brains and bodies of the factory workers. They burn with the coal, melt with the iron, wither with the ore, are cast aside with the dross! And all for what? That those who are millionaires already may have more millions to spend on yachts, race horses, estates, jewels; while in the clutches of industrialism ruled by idle rich the wage slaves fight to keep alive. Our children are hungry, and to feed them we must sell our dreams, our souls.

MOB 1. I was going to invent a machine for harvesting potatoes, but my wife was sick and I had to work day and night to pay the bills. I had no time to develop my idea.

2. I had a vision of a healing liquid that was going to save many lives, but I was so tired when I came in from the factory that I could not work on it. And I had no money for materials, when I did have time.
3. I wanted to write a great book.
4. And I a poem.
5. It took all my mind, my time, my strength, to keep alive.

WORKER. If only our strength were taken by the machine I would not complain. But it takes our souls, our dreams, our ideals.

JUSTICE. Can such things be, in this modern day?

WORKER. I will show you. Behold the life of a modern slave.

(Lights gradually die out. When they come on again they show the stage set for Act I.)

ACT I. Kitchen of Green's home.

ACT II. *Scene 1.* Office of Redford & Co.
Scene 2. Court room.
Scene 3. Public Park.

ACT III. Kitchen of Green's home.

ACT IV. Same as Acts I and III.
TIME: *The Present.*

Act I.

TIME: *Present.*

SCENE: *Jim Green's Home.*

The scene is laid in the kitchen. The room is furnished with a table to right, a cupboard up right, a stove opposite table, and an old couch against the left wall, facing down stage. Also a few kitchen chairs.

Curtain discovers MRS. GREEN *washing dishes at the table. She is weeping silently, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.*

(Enter TOM *and* FLO. *They are barefooted, but scrupulously clean. One is between ten and twelve years of age, while the other is between eight and ten.)*

FLO. Ma! Ma! Can I have a piece of bread and butter? I'm awful hungry.

MRS. GREEN. Yes, child, as soon as papa gets back.

TOM. I'm so hungry, mama. Can I have some, too?

MRS. GREEN. In a little while. Now go and play like good children and I will call you when papa comes.

(FLO *and* TOM *make toward door. They are about to exit when* JAMES GREEN *enters. He is empty-handed, tired, and heartsick. The children plead for food.)*

FLO. Oh, papa, you forgot the bread, didn't you? Give me a nickel and I'll go to the store and get some.

TOM. Give me 'nother nickel, papa, an' I'll get some butter, 'nen we can have some butter'n bread.

FLO. The man down at the store gives a whole lot for a nickel, papa.

TOM. Gives us more'n anybody else. An' he gives me candy, too—a whole handful sometimes.

GREEN. Gives it to you?

TOM. Uh-huh! He's the best grocerman anywhere.

GREEN. He must be, my boy, if he gives you anything for nothing. People don't do things like that much nowadays.

(He strokes the boy's hair and seats himself dejectedly.)

MRS. GREEN. Come, children, papa is tired. You had better run along and play.

FLO *(pleading)*. But I'm so hungry, mama.

MRS. GREEN. God knows, dear, I'd give you bread if I had any.

TOM. Can't you give me just an old crust, mama? Then we won't ask for any more today. Please, mama.

MRS. GREEN. Are you sure?

TOM. Uh-huh! Cross my heart. Hope to die next minute if——

MRS. GREEN. Sh! Here—now run along.

(MRS. GREEN *hands them a piece of stale bread which they start to eat as they go to one side.* GREEN *looks on hopelessly.)*

FLO *(to* TOM). Has your'n got any butter on it?

TOM. No, but it tastes good anyhow.

FLO. Guess mama saved this over from yesterday.

TOM. Maybe she did. I wonder if she's got any left for herself. *(Turns to* MRS. GREEN.) Mama, do you and papa want a bite?

MRS. GREEN. No, dear. Now you run along and play.

FLO. All right, mama.

(FLO *and* TOM *exit into next room.)*

GREEN. "Do you want a bite?" Just listen to that. They are starving and yet they are willing to share the last crust. Why can't humanity keep that same generous spirit from the cradle to the grave?

MRS. GREEN. I guess it's because our hearts harden as we grow older, dear.

(She places her hand on his bowed head.)

GREEN. That's not it, dear. It's the system—the damnable system that transforms us. That's what does it. *(He rises and starts to pace the floor.)* Commercialism! Dollar-chasing is the only thing the mind has time to think of.

MRS. GREEN. I guess you are right, dear.

GREEN. Of course I'm right. I only wish I wasn't.

MRS. GREEN. Did you get any work, dear?

Diplomatic disarmament conference

GREEN. No.

(He sits and takes his head in his hands wearily.)

MRS. GREEN *(going to him)*. Do not be so bitter, dear. Everything will come out all right after the hard times are over. It will only be for a little while—then everything will be all right again.

GREEN. No, I'm afraid it won't. Not while "the system" has the whip hand. *(He gets to his feet wearily.)*

MRS. GREEN. Where are you going now, dear?

GREEN. I'm going out to try again, for the children's sake.

MRS. GREEN. But you're too tired now. You'd better stay and rest a little while.

GREEN. No, I can't waste any time in resting. The children are hungry and I *must* find something to do. *(He starts toward the door.)* Good-by, dear, I'll be back after a while.

MRS. GREEN. Good-by. I hope you have good luck. *(Kisses him.)*

(GREEN *exits.* MRS. GREEN *crosses to the sofa and sinks down upon it, weeping silently. Then goes and takes up her sewing. Enter* TOM *and* FLO. MRS. GREEN *sighs sadly.)*

FLO. Mama, why do you make that funny noise so often?

MRS. GREEN *(pausing in her sewing)*. What noise, dear?

TOM *(who has been looking out of the window)*. Yes, you do just the opposite of whistling! You pull in your breath instead of out. When the boy around the corner was teaching me how to whistle I tried to do it that-a-way, but shucks—that's like an ama-ama-amacheur!

Outcome of diplomatic disarmament conference

FLO *(indignantly)*. Mama is not either an "amacheur"! I bet you heard that name from the boy around the corner, too! You ought to be ashamed.

TOM *(sulkily)*. Guess it's a good name. Didn't either, anyway!

FLO. And mama, that's not all he says either——

TOM. Aw, can depend on a girl to go tell on a fella! Sissy!

FLO. Why, Tom! You're a—a—a fibber!

MRS. GREEN *(hastily)*. Hush, dears, don't quarrel! *(She pulls the children to her knee and speaks to them very seriously.)* Flo and Tom, listen to me, my little ones! And try to remember. You are both too young to know all the sorrows and the troubles of the world—dear me! You have had too much of them already. You have had the suffering when you should be having the happiest childhood—the happiest time in your lives. Suffering, which you are too young to understand the significance of! But, my darlings, whatever may happen to us in this hard world, whatever may befall us—and God trust there is not much more to come to us in that way—whatever may befall us, whatever comes, try always to be peaceful. Let love be between you two. It is too precious—the love of a sister and brother—to let petty little quarrels jeopardize it. Now, remember——

TOM *(seriously)*. Yes, but mama, is "jeopardize" a name like "ama-amacheur"?

FLO. Silly! Mama doesn't ever use bad names!

MRS. GREEN *(smiles)*. Oh, no, sweethearts, "jeopardize" means to "risk." Run along and play now, but try never to

forget what I have said. Never, never be cross with each other! Hear?

(They nod solemnly and go away from her. She looks after them and sighs again.)

TOM *(turning back and running to her takes her hand).* Mama, you made the noise again! I'm sorry you're so sad. . . . Mama, we won't worry you by asking for bread crusts any more—honest, mama—I don't mind not eating! I'm going to be a man soon and then I'll go get us all something to eat! But I won't want to eat anything myself for a long time now, really!

(Pulls his belt in a notch tighter, with a brave, pathetic gesture.)

MRS. GREEN *(takes him to her bosom and buries her face on his shoulder).* Oh, my darling!

TOM *(a little embarrassed, pulls himself away and stops).* And, mama——

MRS. GREEN. Yes, dear?

TOM. I—I—I'll teach you how to whistle, mama—and then you won't have to practice so often!

MRS. GREEN. Oh, honey—I'm not trying to learn—I used to be able to whistle once, and sing too—but that noise is what you call a "sigh."

FLO *(turning away from the doll she has improvised from a feather duster).* What's a "sigh," mama? Is it something to eat?

MRS. GREEN *(with tears in her eyes).* A "sigh," dear, is a noise that only mothers can make when they see their dear ones hungry, starved, and abused.

TOM. Dad makes noises like this. *(He groans).* What do you call that?

MRS. GREEN. That is a "groan," dearie.

FLO. Is it a man "sigh"?

MRS. GREEN. Yes, that is what only fathers can make when they see their loved ones hungry and starved and abused.

TOM. Gee, when I grow up I'm going to be able to make both noises!

MRS. GREEN *(brushing the tears from her eyes and picking up her sewing again).* God hope you never learn to want or have to use either! Here, little ones, my tots, run along and play now; mother must finish her sewing!

FLO. Oh, Tom, let's play soldiers! Here's a beautiful clothespin to take the place of the general that was killed yesterday when the truck backed up over him.

TOM *(swaggering).* Sure, I'll play with you; but mind, your armies are going to win only two fights today—and they'll all have to be massacred when I win!

MRS. GREEN. Why, dear, that's no kind of a game!

FLO. Oh, mama, the minister around the corner told us all about the armies of the Lord the other day—it makes a dandy game! But I'm not going to have any old army of people who haven't any guns—just harps!

MRS. GREEN. What is your army, Tom?

TOM *(both boy and girl stand at attention).* My army is the army of Labor! And it is led by the street-car conductors and the motormen and the locomotive engineers and every-

Ready to be fed into the cannons of civilization

Sniping our fellow workers in the path of civilization

one that works with his hands and is not ashamed to get dirty and greasy. We're the strongest in the world!

MRS. GREEN. Would that you were, my dear! That each soldier in your army was as well off as he deserves to be! You should be, if right and justice on your side count anything! But, children, you must not fight against each other! The army of the Lord and the army of the workers of the world fight hand in hand. *(She looks about her and picks up a rolling-pin.)* Here, honey, this is to represent greed and covetousness.

FLO. Will that mean something to eat, mama? I'm awful hungry.

MRS. GREEN. No, that is something to hate! But now, put your armies together and let them march hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder. *(She picks up the clothespins and makes them walk on the table together.)* See, these soldiers are fine fellows together. *(She winds scraps of red darning cotton around their heads.)* And see, they have flags and uniforms—brave uniforms! Let them march against the rolling-pin and let them win in your game as they will win in life! *(She brushes another tear from her eyes and kisses each of her little tots on the forehead.)* If only we do not starve to death before some light of Truth comes into this dark world! *(Children retire in the corner to play.* MRS. GREEN *goes back to her work, desperately.)* If I could only *do* something to bring them food.

(Knock on door. Children go out. MRS. GREEN *brushes the tears from her eyes and opens the door. Enter* MISS BROWN, *a school-teacher.)*

Colonial cannon fodder

Colonial cannon fodder

MISS BROWN. How do you do, Mrs. Green?

MRS. GREEN *(regaining her composure)*. Very nicely, thank you.

MISS BROWN. Pleasant day, isn't it?

MRS. GREEN. It is, indeed.

MISS BROWN. Rather unusual for this time of the year.

(She speaks very precisely throughout.)

MRS. GREEN. We frequently have unusual weather at this time of the year.

MISS BROWN. All sections of the country seem to have seasons of unusual weather.

MRS. GREEN. Yes, they do.

(There are several moments' silence.)

MISS BROWN. You look worried, Mrs. Green.

MRS. GREEN. I am.

MISS BROWN. What seems to be the matter?

MRS. GREEN. I'm worried about our starving people. I wish something would happen that would give them work. *(There is a knock at the door.* MRS. GREEN *rises and goes to door. She opens it expectantly.* GOODMAN *enters. He is a tall, lean man.)* Oh, good evening, Mr. Goodman.

(They shake hands cordially.)

GOODMAN. How are you, Sister Green? I haven't seen you at church for some time.

MRS. GREEN. No, it is very hard for me to get away from home. But I want you to meet Miss Brown. Miss Brown, this is Mr. Goodman.

MISS BROWN. How do you do?

GOODMAN. I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Brown.

MRS. GREEN. Sit down, Mr. Goodman, and make yourself comfortable. Here is a chair.

GOODMAN. Thank you, Mrs. Green. *(He seats himself.)* How is your husband, Mrs. Green?

MRS. GREEN. Oh, very well, thank you.

GOODMAN. Has he found any work yet?

MRS. GREEN. No, he hasn't. He's been out of work for some time now. It is dreadful for us and the children.

GOODMAN. That's funny. Not so very long ago he came to my house looking for work and I offered him a job at a dollar and a half a day. But he wouldn't take it. He went away in a huff. I don't see why he didn't take it. It was better than nothing at all until something better came along.

MRS. GREEN. He couldn't take it because the union wouldn't allow him to work for a dollar and a half a day. He would lose his card and then he would never be able to get a job.

GOODMAN. I never heard of such a thing. They wouldn't allow him to work?

MRS. GREEN. No.

GOODMAN. Why—why not?

MRS. GREEN. Well, you know a man can't support a family on a dollar and a half a day. It is impossible in these days of high prices.

GOODMAN. But half a loaf is better than no bread at all, isn't it? When I was a boy a man was glad enough to get a dollar a day, and thought it was good wages at that.

MRS. GREEN. But prices have gone up considerably since you were a boy, you must remember, Mr. Goodman.

GOODMAN. Yes, I know they have, but——

(There is a knock at the door, MRS. GREEN *goes to the door and opens it. Enter a young girl. She is somewhat good looking and is very serious-faced.)*

MRS. GREEN. Mr. Goodman, this is a new neighbor of ours, Miss Smith, or Rose, as we call her.

GOODMAN. How do you do. *(Making an attempt at humor.)* Well, Mrs. Green, I can see that Rose is a fine name for the young lady.

ROSE. My mother gave it to me—it should be. It's served very well for me all my life!

GOODMAN. Oh, no!—*(laughs)* I mean, it fits you. I'd name you Rose at once—even if I had no good friend to introduce me.

ROSE. And if you did I would immediately go find some one to put you right. My name is Rose Smith, Mr. Goodman, and it is a good name for strangers to use—the full name, I mean. Rose Smith—don't forget that.

MRS. GREEN *(interrupting after an embarrassing pause, while Goodman, discomfited, is very self-conscious).* Rose, we were just talking about wages. Mr. Goodman thinks wages are too high.

ROSE. Oh—I was just going to apologize for bursting in on you all and breaking into your conversation, but now I am very glad I can interrupt. The wage question is one I'm very interested in—one on which I have a great many opinions!

A toll taken by civilization in progress

GOODMAN. *Well, Miss Smith, we are always glad indeed to have the counsel of the young. The young are coming to rule the world. And we, the older ones, should take much interest in setting them right.*

ROSE. Thank you. *(Aside with a smile.)* The young no doubt should be grateful to be set right on their own problems by outsiders.

MRS. GREEN. Mr. Goodman, you'll find Rose knows more about such things than——

ROSE. There, Mrs. Green, you've been kissing the blarney stone again. But, Mr. Goodman, really, seriously, do you sincerely think *wages are too high today?*

GOODMAN *(waving his hand in objection).* No, no, Mrs. Green, I didn't say that. I merely said that I offered your husband a dollar and a half a day to work for me and he wouldn't take it, which seems to be very foolish, as half a loaf is better than no loaf; and that in my boyhood days one dollar a day was considered good pay. Everybody was happy then, because they were industrious and frugal and God-fearing.

ROSE. According to the standard of that day, a dollar a day might have been good wages for you as a boy. But now that you are a man would you like to work for a dollar a day, Mr. Goodman?

GOODMAN. That, of course, would be different, I will admit.

ROSE *(laughing).* Yes, when the shoe pinches, your arguments get corns and have to be pared, don't they?

GOODMAN *(in disgust).* Miss Marcus, you are incorrigible.

Crown colonial cannon fodder

ROSE. . . . *How a man with a family is to be frugal and God-fearing on a dollar a day is beyond me.*

MISS BROWN. They don't want to be! I don't believe most workers know what "frugal" and "God-fearing" means!

MRS. GREEN. Oh, Miss Brown.

GOODMAN. There is, of course, a great deal in that. How many of our laborers know the real meaning of those words? How many try to live their lives by the code we teach them?

MISS BROWN. They're not even interested in attending services!

ROSE *(heatedly)*. Because they are so busy making enough money to feed their families. How can they go to church when every penny goes for bread—without butter? Suppose they do go once — and then these smug well-fed *cheerful* churchgoers sniff at the holes in their stockings and their shoes —and the woman's five-year-old hat! They can't even go to worship their God without criticism from——

GOODMAN. Now, Miss Smith, there's no cause for such excitement. We always try and make a place at our services for everyone.

MISS BROWN. I think you're a little over-hysterical about the situation, Miss Smith.

ROSE. Well, I ask you—if you had a family, could *you* be frugal and God-fearing on a dollar a day?

MRS. GREEN. And the worst of it is that he couldn't take a dollar a day. The union wouldn't let him.

GOODMAN. Then that, I say, is a form of tyranny—the tyranny of labor unions. Of course the labor union has some

advantages, but don't you think that that is so, my dear young lady?

Rose. I'm not your dear young lady in the first place. And in the second place I don't think so. I think it is a low-down, dirty trick for people to take advantage of a man's dire need to get their work done for half price. And the worst of it all is that they want to claim that they are doing some benevolent act in the bargain.

Miss Brown. The workmen want too much for their labor. They are a lazy, worthless class of men. Why, I heard a lot of them saying some terrible things, so horrible that I had to close my ears and run away.

Rose *(laughing)*. Which you did after you had heard all you wanted to.

Goodman *(turning to* Rose*)*. What denomination do you belong to, Miss Smith?

Rose. What denomination? What do you take me for, a postage stamp? No, sir, I am not going to label myself, Mr. Goodman.

Goodman. You speak out on the streets sometimes, don't you?

Rose. Yes, and I have large audiences. I am going to speak tonight.

Goodman *(looks at her with curiosity, which he tries to conceal by looking very calm and dignified)*. So you are an agitator?

Rose. Not necessarily. I am merely trying to show the people what is right.

GOODMAN. Nevertheless, you are an agitator. Does your father approve of what you are doing?

ROSE. Why shouldn't he approve of it? He has been a slave all his life.

GOODMAN. I don't know of any slaves in the present day and age, except slaves of sin and bad habits.

ROSE *(her voice rising in anger)*. Didn't you ever hear of a wage slave? Didn't you ever hear of a man selling himself for so much a day or so much an hour?

GOODMAN. If you call honest labor slavery, yes. Then I know of lots of it. But the slaves, as you call them, must be eager to sell their work, else why all this cry about unemployment?

ROSE. That is just where the slavery comes in, Mr. Goodman. The natural resources have been stolen by private individuals just as the negroes in Africa were stolen, and the theft has become sacred. It has become part of our religion and the workers have no other way of living than by selling themselves.

GOODMAN. Oh, tut, tut, not so fast. All our rich men were poor boys, and most of them got their money honestly.

ROSE. Yes, according to the rich man's idea of honesty. Keep all you can get. Get all you can, and the devil take the hindermost. You are a hypocritical prop under the moneybags of the rich.

GOODMAN *(wearily)*. Nonsense. Our souls become sour by such reasoning. It is a blessing that so few people indulge in it.

Civilization digs its own grave

ROSE. You mean that it is a blessing to the privileged class, even though it be a curse to the workers—while the rich people's paradise is made out of poor people's hell.

GOODMAN. I don't mean anything of the kind. To me there are no rich or poor, no slaves or masters.

ROSE. Still, you tell one brother that a half a loaf is better than none at all, while you tell another that it is right to take the other half even though he doesn't need it.

GOODMAN. I hold the path of rectitude.

ROSE. Yes, you teach the doctrine of "thou shalt not steal," but just the same if you were driven to hunger you would rob a baker even though a thousand bibles were staring you in the face.

MISS BROWN. How do you know what he teaches?

ROSE. I judge from what he says. I also know what you teach in your school. If I buy a yard of cloth for ten cents and sell it for twenty, what do I make? Ten cents?

MISS BROWN. Certainly. That's the way schools have been taught for ages.

ROSE. Why don't you adopt a new method and give this problem? If labor produces twenty dollars in wealth and gets two dollars in wages, how much does it lose and who gets it? That would be a sensible problem to teach.

MISS BROWN. I don't care to be questioned by you.

ROSE. *You mean you don't care to answer indisputable facts.* It's a hard problem in mathematics isn't it? Much *pleasanter* and *nicer* and less *disturbing* to ask your pupils only questions you like the answers of. *(Sniffs.)* Well, Miss

Result of war

Left in the rear of advancing civilization

Result of war

The multitude following civilization's destroyers

Brown, it's a problem a lot of people would like a smooth, pleasant answer to. An answer that they could send tripping off their tongues logically and smilingly when we ask for it. An answer that they could say over to themselves before they climb into bed under a pile of warm blankets, on a soft, thick mattress—an answer that would give them sweet dreams. Do you think they ask themselves that problem at night before they get into their comfortable beds? I should say not—it would give them such hair-raising, overpowering, heart-sickening nightmares that their hair would turn white in an hour, and give them three new wrinkles in each of their fat chins, and indigestion for three months. You know what answer you people use for it? You know the way the question is disposed of? *Go out and speak to the people who are killing off the workers! The people who are making war!*

Miss Brown *(rises and makes toward the door)*. Come, Mr. Goodman, I think we'd better go. *(To* Rose.) What do you know about war? And what do you care? *(Exit.)*

Rose. She ran her nose against a few stubborn facts and got bumped, didn't she?

Goodman. Well, never mind. I'll see you tomorrow or this evening, Mrs. Green. In the meantime, Miss Redford will probably be around. She is a very lovely woman. I'm sure you will like her, for her heart is in the right place. I think she will help you. Good day. (Goodman *exits.)*

Rose. Did you apply to the charity people for help, Mrs. Green?

Mrs. Green *(shamefacedly)*. Yes, I did. I never did such a thing in my life before.

ROSE. They evidently phoned about you. Your case will be investigated fully. They will say your husband won't work because he has been offered a job and wouldn't take it. So you don't need to expect any help from that source. I brought you some bread and butter. It isn't much, but it will help you out a little. *(She opens package.)*

MRS. GREEN *(calling into the next room).* Tom! Flo! Come in here. Rose has brought you something to eat. *(The children enter.)* Here is some bread and butter for you. *(Hands them the bread and butter.)*

FLO. Mama—it's got butter spread on it, and it isn't in crusts!

TOM. Gee, mama, is this whole piece mine?

MRS. GREEN *(looks at them sadly).* Here, you children stay and talk to Rose. I have some work to do in the other room. It won't take me long, Rose—don't go till I come back. I want to talk to you some more.

ROSE. Does it taste good?

TOM *(with his mouth full).* I bet you don't know how good it tastes!

FLO *(with her mouth full also).* It tastes just like a doll's house I saw downtown in a window, and like a pink 'n blue dress I saw a girl wear once, 'n like a box of water-color paints with a new brush, 'n like having a real live gray kitten with long hair and funny, full brushy tail, that chases after ribbons—— *(Coughs.)*

TOM *(superiorly, even though his words are still rather mumbling).* Say, Flo, don't you know no better 'n to talk with your mouth full?

FLO *(stopping a minute)*. It's fun! *(With great effort and enunciating very carefully.)* I guess we don't have a chance to practice very often.

ROSE *(laughs)*. You sweet youngsters! Tom, does your bread and butter taste like a kitten and a doll's house too?

TOM. Gee, no! It tastes like—gosh, I don't know! It's so good there ain't any words for it! *(Eats, and then stops suddenly.)* Say, don't you want a bite? *(Offers his crust to her.)*

ROSE. No, Tom, I don't want any, thank you just the same. . . . But Tom, I bet your bread tastes a lot better since you asked me if I wanted any, doesn't it?

TOM *(thinks for a minute and then bites into it again)*. Why, it does! I was going to give you a piece of the crust, too! And now the crust tastes as though it had butter on it, and it hasn't any!

ROSE *(to herself more than to the children)*. Yes, it always works that way.

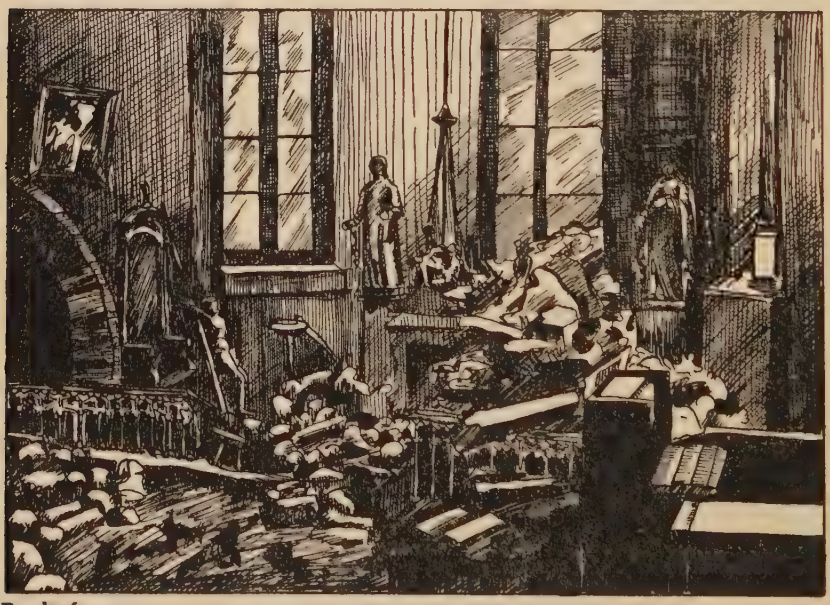
FLO *(having finished her bread, runs to Rose's side and plays with the tassel on her belt)*. You know, you're an awful nice girl!

TOM *(coming over and standing a little way off, but admiring, nevertheless)*. Gosh, she's better'n that! You're an awful smart girl!

ROSE. Is that what you think is the best thing for a girl to be, Tom?

TOM *(thinking it over very seriously and shuffling a little from one foot to the other)*. Well, no—not exactly.

Result of war *Paths of civilization by the sea*



Result of war *Paths of civilization—the church*

FLO. Oh, Tom—he hasn't any ideas about girls! He won't play with any of them on the street *(proudly)* except me.

TOM *(defensively)*. Well, girls can't catch baseballs, and they fall down and cry, and they won't play football with you, and they play silly games with jacks and dolls.

FLO. Didn't I say so, Rose? He hasn't any ideas *(drawing herself up proudly—every inch of her diminutive self)* about women!

TOM. Oh, yes, I have too!

ROSE. Well, Tom, do you think it's best for a girl to be smart? Better than being sweet?

TOM. Well, they're both pretty important. Of course, the thing a girl ought to be above everything else is—pretty!

ROSE *(laughs)*. Smart, you think is important, and sweet, not so important, but she has to be pretty! Oh, Tom, you're a typical man!

TOM *(drawing himself up, too, as* FLO *did)*. Gee, the things I'm going to do when I'm big! *(Pauses for a minute.)* Well, you're awful pretty, Rose, and I know you're smart, and I guess you're sweet—so you got 'em all!

ROSE *(waving a kiss at him)*. That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me in my life.

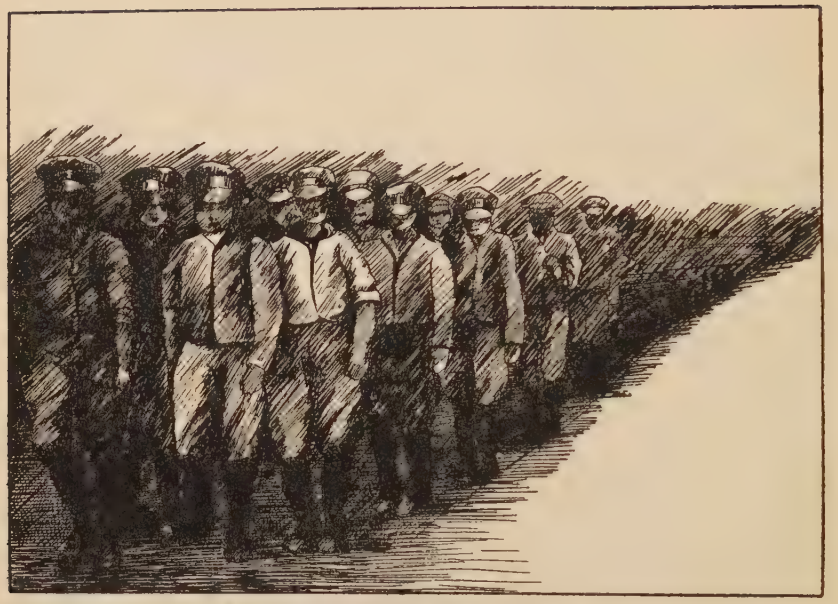
FLO. You know, Rose, people talk an awful lot about you!

ROSE. Do they? I guess they're not many that say good things!

TOM *(to* ROSE*)*. Do you know what people call you?

ROSE. No, Tom.

TOM. The godless girl.



More cannon fodder for civilization

And still more and more

ROSE. Where did you hear that?

TOM. From a big boy.

ROSE. And what do you think it means?

TOM *(laughing sheepishly)*. I guess it means a bad girl.

ROSE. And do you and Flo think that I am a bad girl?

TOM. Nope.

FLO. Of course you're not a bad girl. You're a good girl.

(There is a knock at the door. The children exit. ROSE *goes to the door. Enter* MISS REDFORD. *She is a tall, hard-faced, precise young woman.)*

ROSE. How do you do?

MISS REDFORD *(nods unpleasantly)*. I am Miss Redford of the Puritanic Benevolent Association.

ROSE. You want to See Mrs. Green?

MISS REDFORD. I do. And whom have I the pleasure of speaking with?

ROSE. My name is Smith. I am a neighbor of Mrs. Green.

MISS REDFORD. Well, maybe you can help me to do my duty. I am not a regular investigator. Mr. Goodman received an inquiry from the Associated Charities regarding this family and they will send their regular investigator around. But we wish to do our duty also.

ROSE. And what, may I ask, do you consider your duty?

MISS REDFORD. Why, it is to help those who need aid. And it is not our duty to help the lazy and indolent, for that encourages immorality, you know. I understand this man, Mr. Green, refused work when it was offered to him.

Rose. Yes, that is what he did. And what do you propose to do?

Miss Redford. I propose to investigate the case thoroughly in the interests of my society.

Rose. What then?

Miss Redford. To help them if they are worthy.

Rose. And to your mind what does worthiness consist in?

Miss Redford. Temperance and a willingness to work.

Rose. But what is the use of working if you get nothing for your labors?

Miss Redford. I understand this man was offered a dollar and a half a day.

Rose. Yes, that is true.

Miss Redford. And do you call that nothing?

Rose. Well, it might just as well be nothing. A man cannot support a family on a dollar and a half a day. It is impossible. Besides, if the workers began to accept wages like those it would soon become the standard and everyone would have to work for that.

Miss Redford. Well, what if they do? It would teach them self-control and self-sacrifice.

Rose. And what about the people who would gain out of this sacrifice? What of the men who would make millions out of it?

Miss Redford. They could give more then. Charity associations would get more money to work with. All our benevolent institutions are running short of funds.

ROSE *(angrily)*. You mean that all the workers should be reduced to beggars for the glory of charity. If you would give the workers better wages there would be no need of charitable societies to aid them.

MISS REDFORD. But you don't understand me.

ROSE. What do you mean then?

MISS REDFORD. Charity is the greatest of virtues, next to godliness.

ROSE. Don't you know that most of the laborers would rather die of hunger than accept charity? Don't you realize that charity is nothing more than a cheap way of keeping the laborers alive until the bosses need them to make more profit after a period of stagnation?

MISS REDFORD. I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about! What denomination do you belong to?

ROSE. I have just been asked that question by Mr. Goodman. I refuse to answer such a silly question.

(Enter MRS. GREEN.*)*

MISS REDFORD. Mrs. Green, I believe. I am Miss Redford. I have just been talking to this young lady, but we can't seem to agree. I came to see if your husband has work.

MRS. GREEN *(a little irritated)*. Have you got some work for him?

MISS REDFORD. I might be able to get him a job, provided he is willing to work for a reasonable wage.

MRS. GREEN. He is a union man, you know. If he works below the regular scale of wages——

(She hesitates and looks at ROSE.*)*

Result of war — *Victims of civilization*

Result of war — *How civilization protects the home*

ROSE. If he works below the scale he injures all the other workers.

MISS REDFORD. I don't understand that. Isn't he a free citizen?

ROSE. Well, for the sake of argument, we will say that he is free. Should he use that freedom to run down wages? Is that the kind of freedom that you stand for?

MISS REDFORD. I don't stand for anything except duty.

ROSE. You have learned your lesson well. Why don't you put yourself in a cage and exhibit yourself in a show window as the most human parrot that ever wanted a cracker?

MISS REDFORD. I shall not stand such insults. What do you mean by talking to me in that manner? *(Turning to* MRS. GREEN.) I came to talk to you, Mrs. Green, and not to this woman.

MRS. GREEN. There is no use in coming here to blame me.

MISS REDFORD. We have the right to know whether or not you are worthy before we advance you aid.

ROSE. It is her stomach that is empty, not her morals.

MRS. GREEN. I don't see any opening for myself and the children but—but——

ROSE. But what?

MRS. GREEN. But to kill ourselves.

(ROSE *goes to her and pats her arm.* MISS REDFORD *draws in a shocked breath.)*

MISS REDFORD. Shame on you for such thoughts. I had no idea this was the kind of house I was coming into! Don't you know that is the cruelest and most cowardly thing!

Result of war

The blackened walls of civilization

ROSE *(trying to comfort* MRS. GREEN.) It is a cruel situation and cowardice on the part of the world that would bring such thoughts!

MISS REDFORD. To harbor such ideas is to neglect your duty to the world! Don't you realize your responsibility in working to keep the world going on?

ROSE *(fiercely to* MISS REDFORD). Does the world recognize its responsibility in helping Mrs. Green go on?

MISS REDFORD *(looking at* ROSE *pointedly).* I see, Mrs. Green, that you have been in company with bad people too much!

ROSE. Bad because we are poor you mean? Bad because we are too poor to forget our misfortunes?

MISS REDFORD. Well, I see you have been in company with bad people. Good-by. I shall call to see you again.

(MISS REDFORD *goes toward the door.)*

MRS. GREEN. Good-by. (MISS REDFORD *exits.)*

ROSE. Deliver us from such people who have so little common sense. *(She looks out of the window.)* Hello, here comes Mr. Green. I think I'll skidoo.

MRS. GREEN. Don't hurry, Rose.

ROSE. Oh, I'll have to be going. Good-by, Mrs. Green.

(ROSE *exits.* GREEN *enters after a moment.)*

GREEN. Did anything happen while I was gone?

(He throws his cap on the table and sinks into a chair.)

MRS. GREEN. No, nothing, except that Mr. Goodman came over.

GREEN. What did he want?

MRS. GREEN. Just wanted to know if you had work.

GREEN. Wanted me to work for nothing, eh?

MRS. GREEN. No. He didn't say he wanted you to work for nothing. He said you had refused to work for a small wage some time ago.

GREEN. And what did you tell him?

MRS. GREEN. Rose was here and she did the telling.

GREEN. I'll bet he got a good answer.

MRS. GREEN. He did, all right. Did you get any work today?

GREEN *(shaking his head in despair)*. No, I didn't.

(Enter TOM.)

TOM. Hello, pa. Did you bring something home for dinner?

GREEN *(irritated)*. What's the use of your asking me?

TOM. 'Cause we didn't have anything but a piece of bread today.

GREEN. Bread! God, my loved ones have no bread. *(Turns to* MRS. GREEN.) Please leave me, dear, I want to be alone for a while. (MRS. GREEN *and* TOM *exit.* GREEN *gets up and turns on the gas jet.)* Huh—the gas has been turned off. One can't even get out of this world. If only the gas were on and we could all die together. We are even too poor to die. But there is still the gun. *(He runs to the cupboard, opens the drawer, and takes out the gun, examining it.)* Three shots—but there are four of us, and suppose I should miss. *(Puts back the pistol and closes the drawer.)* Yes, suppose I should miss, and then there is the blood and the wounds. No, no, I

can't do that. *(Runs his fingers through his hair.)* Ha, Ha. This is certainly a beautiful world. They tell us to love our masters and the masters tell us to love them. Ha, Ha. But there will be a day of reckoning. Oh, how I hate those smug masters of bread, who think with their round bellies and feel with their hard brains. Oh, why have we made those belly philosophers with their billiard-ball heads who deny us the right to live? They would have us believe that mother earth is theirs and we are stepchildren. Ye gods, how can we be such fools? Ah—but I am done for; there is no fight left in me—hunger and poverty eats out the courage and grit.

(He falls limp into a chair. Enter Mrs. Green.)

Mrs. Green. Jim, as long as there is life there is hope.

Green *(looks at her dazed).* You mean that as long as there is life there is no hope.

Mrs. Green. If only we could all die together and be rid of this terrible existence.

Green *(puts his arm around her).* Dear girl, is this what I have brought you to?

Mrs. Green. I have never blamed you, Jim.

Green. Oh, but I was to blame for ever loving you.

Mrs. Green *(kissing him).* Don't speak like that, dear.

(Green *pulls himself away from her and goes to cupboard. Quickly takes out gun.)*

Green. I still have the gun and, by God, I am going to use it.

Mrs. Green *(in suppressed fear).* Jim!

Result of war

After the occupation is desolation

GREEN. Don't worry, dear, I am not going to kill myself, but by heavens, I'll go hunting. *(Puts gun in hip pocket.)*

MRS. GREEN *(rushing to him)*. Jim, don't do anything rash. Don't do anything that would take you away from me and the children. Oh, don't, don't disgrace us, Jim!

GREEN. Disgrace you! Why, Helen, don't you know that I have always disgraced you in the eyes of the world? Is not poverty the greatest disgrace in human life? And God knows, since you married me you have had nothing but poverty.

MRS. GREEN. Oh, Jim, it is better to starve together than to live separately.

GREEN. *(Puts gun away.)* But what shall we do then, Helen?

MRS. GREEN. I have been thinking hard all day. I have an old friend living on the other side of town and I am sure he would help us. I will go to him.

GREEN. I didn't know we had any more friends. I thought we had borrowed money from all of them.

MRS. GREEN. Well, this is one I had forgotten. I will try, anyhow.

GREEN. How far away does he live?

MRS. GREEN. Not so very far.

GREEN. But you said it was on the other side of town.

MRS. GREEN. Well, that isn't so very far.

GREEN. Too far for you to go. Let me go.

MRS. GREEN. No, you look too shabby.

GREEN. But you can't go down the street. Your cloak is in the pawn shop.

Brotherhood of man forgotten in the path of civilization

MRS. GREEN *(thinks a moment)*. I never thought of that, Jim. But maybe I can borrow a cloak from Rose. I'll go and ask her. *(She exits hurriedly. Enter* TOM *and* FLO.)

TOM. Say, papa, I'm hungry. I ain't had nothing all day but a piece of bread and butter.

GREEN. Papa and mama haven't had anything to eat at all.

TOM. Why, wasn't there plenty in all the stores?

GREEN. Tom, you are old enough to know better than to ask such silly questions.

TOM. There ain't nothin' silly about it.

GREEN. Tom, you are cross today. Look at Flo, there. She doesn't say anything.

TOM. Sure, good reason why. She had somethin' to eat next door. She went in with their kid. I ain't had nothin' at all, not since that piece of bread and butter.

(Enter MRS. GREEN *dressed for the street.)*

FLO. Where is ma goin'?

GREEN. She is going out for a little while, Flo. *(He sees a small box in* MRS. GREEN'S *hand.)* What have you there, Helen?

MRS. GREEN. Nothing. Just a little face powder to touch up my face. I look so pale without it.

GREEN. I never saw you use anything of that kind before. I don't understand.

MRS. GREEN. But I look so dreadful tonight.

GREEN. Will he care?

MRS. GREEN. *(with a little impatience)*. Oh, dear, don't ask me so many questions. I'll leave you to put the children

Result of war

Civilization passed by here also

to bed. Tom and Flo, you can go in the other room and start to get ready. *(The children exit.* MRS. GREEN *parades up and down before her husband in her borrowed finery, to show how well she would look in good clothes. Then she goes up to her husband and caresses him.)* Fine feathers make fine birds, don't they, Jim?

GREEN. And you are surely a beautiful bird.

MRS. GREEN. Never mind, dear. Some day our luck may change and then you'll be able to dress me up and be proud of me. Good-by, dear. *(She exits.)*

GREEN *(aside)*. Great Cæsar, what a beautiful woman. And she is married to me and I am helpless. I am merely a hindering clod about her neck. My life has been a failure. Oh, God, what's the use? I might just as well end it all. *(He goes to drawer, pulls it open and looks around, listens, takes out pistol, stares wildly around and then raises it to his temple. There is a loud knock at the door. Throws pistol back in drawer.)* Come in.

(Enter ROSE *hurriedly.)*

ROSE. Good news, good news! *(She holds up a letter.)* Here is a letter from Redford & Co. They want men. There is lots of work at eight dollars a day. Why, I can hardly believe my own eyes. Mr. Goodman gave it to me and told me to tell you about it.

(She hands him the letter. GREEN *reads it hurriedly.)*

GREEN. Glorious good news. Rose, you are indeed a "rose." Eight dollars a day! I'll go at once.

(He exits hurriedly.)

ROSE *(soliloquizing. She puts her hand to her forehead as though appalled by a sudden revelation).* I have a suspicion. Work, plenty of it, and at eight dollars a day. Such wages were never heard of except in war times. It is for war —it must be for war—that horror of horrors so fitly described in this poem. *(She rises and goes down stage.)*

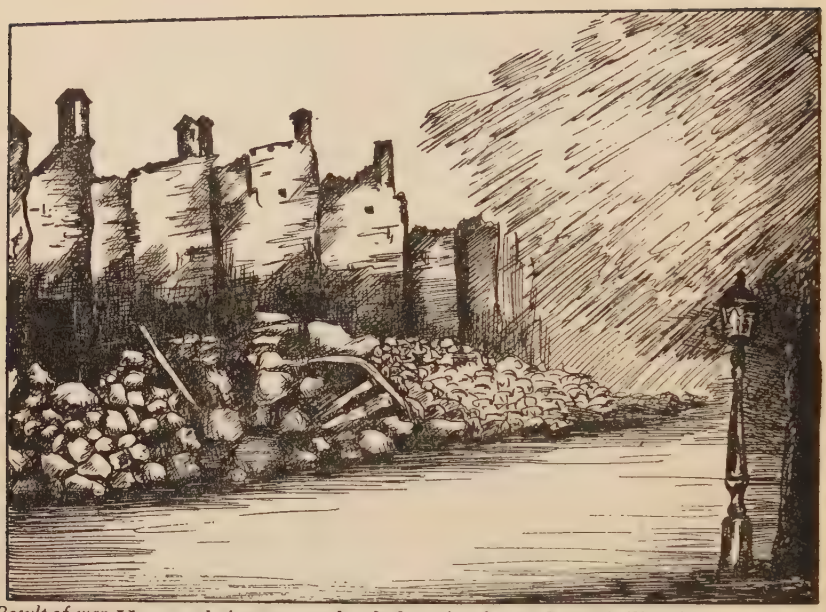
THE DEVIL'S PRAYER.

THE DEVIL made a prayer and said,
Who started hell just overhead?
These war lords set the earth aflame,
And rob the devil of his fame
While Christians slay their fellow men
And make the earth a slaughter pen.
Aye, let them rave and belch and roar
And millions slaughter millions more;
Mow down the quivering ranks of men,
The shattered phalanx fills again.
Grim Death has laid his scythe away
To harvest by machine the day.
I hear them falling as they tread,
Count those that live, I'll count the dead.
Turn on the thunder guns of hate,
Tear men to fragments, call it fate.
Loose poison gas and burning oil,
With death in trenches plant the soil.
"Thou shalt not kill" means *thou alone*
But not the legions of the throne.
Though murder, retail, is a crime,
Yet murder, wholesale, is sublime.

Twentieth Century Civilization

'Tis slaughter brings the victor bays,
The dead are dead for all their days.
Like Pharaoh they seem to me
To flounder in a bloody sea.
Kill off the righteous and the wise
Who would the planet civilize.
Destroy the arts, the poor condemn,
And let the heathen finish them.
Turn on the furnaces of hell,
Slow up the globe, 'tis but a shell.
Plant death bombs in the hungry sea
And blame the righteous—don't blame me.
Bid submarines to lie in wait,
Sow death and reap a world of hate.
Let monster vultures crowd the skies,
And do dark death that men despise.
All peace destroy, all join in mirth,
And bid me come and rule the earth.
Excuse the lengthy prayer I've made,
'Tis the only time I ever prayed.

CURTAIN



Result of war *Human beings once dwelt here in the path of civilization*

Result of war *Great institutions wiped out in the path of civilization*

Act II.

Scene I.

Scene: *It is the private office of Jeremiah Redford at his plant. There is, in the left center of the stage, a large flat-topped desk; on it there is a telephone, the usual desk appurtenances, and some scattered papers. Against the right wall is a large bookcase, filling the entire end of the room, and filled with books. There is a door on the left rear. The rear wall of the office has two windows to right and left. In the wall space in the center is a large map of Europe.*

As the curtain rises, it reveals Redford *sitting at his desk, his back to the door. Opposite him, and several yards from the door, sits* Count Sonoff. Redford *is a large man, graying at the temples. He is well but very plainly dressed and wears glasses.* Sonoff *is dark and small. He is flashily dressed.*

Sonoff. Well, Mr. Redford, and that about concludes my job. All Asia is in revolt against Europe, and we should be over there in a month.

Redford. Yes, you have done your work well, but the charges are heavy.

Sonoff. Not quite half a million. Why, you have already filled enough orders to make up for that.

Redford. Yes, but the risk?

SONOFF. Oh, the devil! Why talk about the risk when the job has been done successfully? And anyway, there is no risk concerned with an investment when it is placed to make men go to war.

REDFORD. True, we have not degenerated so far that we have forgotten we are men and so forgotten how to fight. Thank God for that.

SONOFF. Aye, thank God. Why think, Redford, if people had forgotten the manly art of fighting, you and I might have to do something useful in the world.

REDFORD. Sir, I consider my task useful. Men must protect their honor; to protect that honor it is often necessary to fight, and I furnish them the means to so fight.

SONOFF. Yes, go on.

REDFORD. That is all.

SONOFF. Oh, don't be so modest. Tell the last part of your chain logic. Thusly: men must fight to protect their honor; I furnish them the means with which to fight, therefore I am charged with the solemn duty of protecting men's honor.

REDFORD. There is no need to carry the argument to extremes. But even so, I presume your conclusions are fairly correct.

SONOFF. Certainly they are. You should incorporate yourself under the name of the Messiah.

REDFORD. It is not necessary to get irreverent.

SONOFF. Oh, I did not intend to. Just another suggestion for drumming up trade. Our past experiment has made

pretty good trade—$500,000 for a world war is not so expensive.

REDFORD. No, it is not. Tell me, how did you do it?

SONOFF. Why, it was quite simple. Stirred up England's fear of Russia, succeeded in having them raid the Russian embassy. National honor offended right here, the Russians rose up against the insult although hardly a one of them had ever seen England, much less the embassy in London. And so——

REDFORD. Yes, but that is only two nations.

SONOFF. Oh, the rest came of itself. India and China rose against their British masters. France, hoping to gain more colonies, joined in. Central Europe was forced in by the pressure of the three powers; they were all bound up by alliances made fifty years ago during the insecurity after the Great War. And so, because men must keep their word, they too joined in. Then the African slaves hoped for liberty and they revolted—you have a contract from one of their guerrilla leaders, the profits from which will pay my commission. And, in a short time, the United States will come in, in order that men may learn love by blows and learn to govern themselves by seeking to govern others.

REDFORD. You did a good job, although I don't like the cynical way you look at it. Democracy and love are going to run the world when the common truck get to learn how to act towards their betters.

(Enter MISS REDFORD *with a lap dog in her arms.)*

MISS REDFORD. Well, daddy dear.

(Kisses him and puts lap dog on a chair.)

Result of war

The cathedral in the path of civilization

Result of war

Here prayers were offered to slay "our enemies" in the path of civilization

REDFORD. Good morning, daughter. Allow me to present Count Sonoff.

MISS REDFORD. Oh, good morning, Count. Are you the man of whom I have heard daddy speak so frequently?

SONOFF. I did not know he thought so well of me, I am sure. But I am highly pleased to have had the opportunity of becoming associated with your father the last few months.

REDFORD. And competent work you have done, too.

SONOFF. Thank you, sir. It was very interesting and a pleasure to work under you. *(Turns to* MISS REDFORD.) You have a father of the most stanch ideals, a veritable puritan.

REDFORD. Oh, come, Count.

SONOFF. Oh, do not bandy words, sir. Well, I must be going. You will attend to those last contracts I brought in?

REDFORD. Yes, I'll get more men right away.

SONOFF. Good day, then. And good day, Miss Redford. I am only too pleased to have made your acquaintance.

(He bows and exits.)

REDFORD. Just a minute, dear. *(Picks up phone.)* Hello, Mr. Jarvis. Tell the foreman I will have a hundred more men for him tomorrow. And will you advertise for them at eight dollars a day? We have got to have them. These contracts are coming in, huge contracts for ammunitions that mean millions to us. *(Hangs up.)*

MISS REDFORD. Daddy, do you think that that is quite right?

REDFORD. What quite right?

The march of Death in the path of civilization

MISS REDFORD. Making all this ammunition to kill people.

REDFORD. Why shouldn't it be all right?

MISS REDFORD. Oh, it seems so cold-blooded.

REDFORD. But, dearest, they have to defend their honor, and if I don't give them the means with which to defend that honor, some one else will.

MISS REDFORD. Yes, but that doesn't make it right for you to do it.

REDFORD. Well, it doesn't make it wrong. What's right for others to do, is right for me to do. A man goes into business to make money, and I'm in business. Even if it is against your conscience there is a fortune in it, and Redford is in business for money and not for morals. But what does my beloved daughter want? You look like money.

MISS REDFORD. Have I the dollar mark on my face?
(Makes sign of dollar mark in air.)

REDFORD. Yes, and there's a coin taste in your golden kiss.

MISS REDFORD. Then put a check on it. *(Laughs.)*

REDFORD. Aren't you spending a little too much money on your charities?

MISS REDFORD. What else are you making money for? Besides, I have to do good with the money to counteract the bad you do in making it.

REDFORD. That's great. *(Laughs heartily.)* While I'm making cartridges to kill human beings you are using a trifle of the money to keep others alive. That's the best I've heard in a month. *(He laughs and tickles her under the chin.)*

Miss Redford. Well, isn't it worth a check to have a good laugh?

Redford. Yes, it is, but I don't like the way you're going to spend it.

Miss Redford. Why, daddy, how could you be so cruel? The poor things are just starving, and it is so much fun to feed them.

Redford. Well, let them starve. It isn't my fault that they're hungry.

Miss Redford. But whether it's your fault or not, they must live.

Redford. Oh, I don't see that it matters any. If they are too weak to get their own food, they might as well die. Why don't you buy another dog or two?

Miss Redford. I have one.

Redford. Get two or three more. I'll give you five thousand dollars to buy them, and a hundred dollars apiece a week to maintain them.

Miss Redford. But I don't want them.

Redford. Oh, yes, you do. It will be a lot of fun to keep them up and it will divert your attention from the slums.

Miss Redford. But I don't want to forget the slums.

Redford. Well, I want you to. People get strange ideas when they go down into such places. Slums are no place for a daughter of mine.

Miss Redford. But I want to do some good in the world.

Redford. You're my daughter. Isn't that enough? Why

should you be chasing around in the slums wasting your time and money on people who don't deserve it?

MISS REDFORD. There is no greater blessing than charity.

REDFORD. Yes, there is—the blessing of hard work.

MISS REDFORD. But they can't get work.

REDFORD. Then they ought to die. The world has no use for them if they can't work.

MISS REDFORD. Oh, come, daddy dear, give me the money for them.

REDFORD. Very well, but not so much today. Go out and tell the cashier to give you cash for this.

(He writes on slip of paper.)

MISS REDFORD. Two thousand! Oh, you dear daddy.

(She kisses him, picks up dog, and goes out.)

REDFORD. That goes down to expense account and eases the conscience of the firm.

(Enter GREEN *with letter which he hands to* REDFORD.)

REDFORD. What can I do for you?

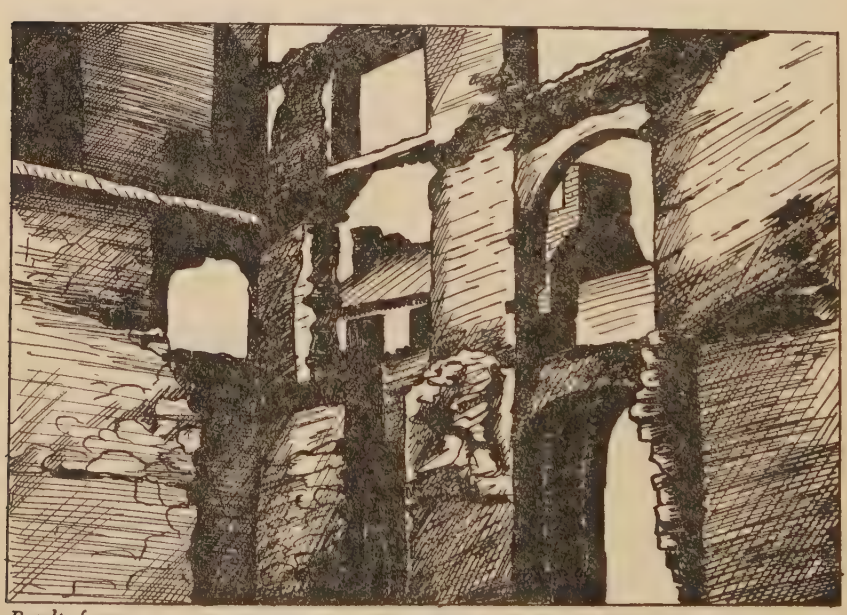
GREEN. My name is Green. I am looking for work.

REDFORD *(looking him over)*. And I need men and lots of them. Are you a machinist?

GREEN *(nervously twirls his hat)*. No, not exactly, sir, but I have been used to running machines all my life. I have had considerable experience at it.

REDFORD. Well, you're a likely looking fellow. You may take that seat a moment. Eight dollars is a pretty stiff price to pay for one day's work, but I need men.

Result of war *The house of learning falls in the path of civilization*



Result of war *Civilization here blew out the light of reason*

GREEN. I'll work for you faithfully and you'll never be sorry that you employed me. I am so overjoyed at getting work that I can hardly breathe to ask what the work is. My family is in great need and——

REDFORD. The eight dollars a day takes your breath away, eh?

GREEN. Yes, I can't quite believe it.

REDFORD. Well, it's true enough. The foreman will put you to work and start you on one of the machines. But remember, no smoking about the works. You will have to be very careful. You are working with explosives.

GREEN. Oh, I'll be cautious, all right.

REDFORD. Cartridges, you know.

GREEN. Large sporting order, I suppose?

(Reënter MISS REDFORD.*)*

REDFORD *(leans back and laughs heartily).* Oh, daughter, this is too funny. Listen! This man whom I have just employed thinks I'm making sporting cartridges. *(They both laugh and* GREEN *looks bewildered.)* Yes, sport indeed. Royal sport. The sport of monarchs, shooting big game—big game for the vultures. *(He laughs loudly.)*

MISS REDFORD *(laughing).* Daddy, this man seems pale and flabbergasted, like he was a peace advocate and opposed to——

GREEN *(interrupting).* What? Do you mean war? *(Rising, furious.)* Are you making explosive shells for the war-crazed nations of the world?

Result of war

The path of civilization belies the sanctity of the home

REDFORD. Yes, my man, and that is exactly what I want you for—to make explosives for the nations of the world.

GREEN. Do you think that I would help to make death monsters to slay my fellow men? Do you think I would use these hands that plead for liberty for that foul purpose? Do you think I would make my daily bread by making hell bombs to kill my brothers? Not if I have to starve to death.

REDFORD. You came here for work—not for argument. I have the plant and have plenty of work with higher pay than you ever got before in your life.

GREEN. When I came for work I brought my conscience with me. You furnish work without yours—if you ever had any.

REDFORD. What do you suppose I run this plant for? To manufacture morals?

GREEN. Well, if you do you haven't made a very good article.

REDFORD. What's wrong with my morals?

GREEN. A man who will permit human beings to starve while the family lap dog dawdles in luxury must have the wrong kind of morals, even if you have the right kind of dog.

MISS REDFORD. Do you mean to slander my dog?

GREEN. Slander your dog? Are you so blind to the world that you cannot realize that I speak of the lap dog not as an animal but as a symbol?

REDFORD. Symbol?

GREEN. Yes, the symbol of degrading luxury. Oh, I don't protest against the man who lives well, but against the man

and woman who supports such creatures as that when humans are dying of hunger. If all the people who devote their time, money, love, and energy to their pet animals would devote it to human beings, imagine how the world would be nowadays!

REDFORD. And why shouldn't my daughter have that dog if she wants it? I have the money to buy it for her.

GREEN. Yes, but how about those of us who are starving, without money to buy a crust? You'd think differently if you were pacing the streets for work.

REDFORD. Well, I'm not and never will. If you people have been so unthrifty as not to have any money, it serves you right to starve. Yes, and starve to death, if you won't work.

GREEN. But we can't find work.

REDFORD. Then, if there is no work for you, you had best starve. The world is solely utilitarian, sir, and if it has no use for you, you had best get out.

GREEN. That's like you damned rich—work us for years and then, when you have no more use for us, throw us on the ash heap. But the time will come when we will smash you.

MISS REDFORD. Daddy, don't let him talk like that.

REDFORD. You're an utter fool, man. You common people will never smash the rich people.

GREEN. But we will. The laborers are in the majority, a majority which is ever growing. Revolutions in the past were by minorities: look at what they did, and you will realize what the labor majority will do.

REDFORD. You'll do nothing.

GREEN. We'll sweep you from the earth, and the people will rule. You can't crush our liberty.

REDFORD. I can't, eh? I'll show you. (REDFORD *presses button and army officer appears.)* Take this man to the plant and put him to work where he can do no damage.

GREEN. I'm not working for you.

ARMY OFFICER. Oh, yes, you are! You'll either work or go to war.

MISS REDFORD. Go on, Mr. Green, don't make a scene. Think of all the good you will do for your family.

GREEN. Am I to feed them on the blood of others? Cause a scene? This firm has started a scene already—not an act, a whole tragedy—it will be enacted on the battlefields, the slaughterfields of the world.

REDFORD. Go on to the shop. *(To army officer.)* And you see that he makes no trouble.

GREEN. You force me to murder my fellow men?

REDFORD. I merely give you the opportunity to work. Take him away, boy. (REDFORD *helps to push* GREEN *out.)*

GREEN. I'll not go. *(Breaks away from* REDFORD *and officer and runs to desk from which he picks up a paper knife.)* Let me out of here, you damned slaver.

REDFORD. Boy, call the men. *(Clerk exits.)*

REDFORD. You damned fool. Threaten me? I'll give you a taste of the loyalty my men show for their chief.

(GREEN *rushes for the door.* REDFORD *and army officer wrestle with him, and* GREEN *stabs* REDFORD *as a number of men appear.)*

Result of war *The palaces fall likewise in the path of civilization*

Result of war *The servants also driven away in the path of civilization*

MISS REDFORD. You've killed him. Oh, daddy, daddy.

ARMY OFFICER. Grab him. *(The men hold* GREEN.)

GREEN. Let me go. Don't you see, I've killed the damned rich—your slave driver. Let me go.

ARMY OFFICER. No, you damned murderer.

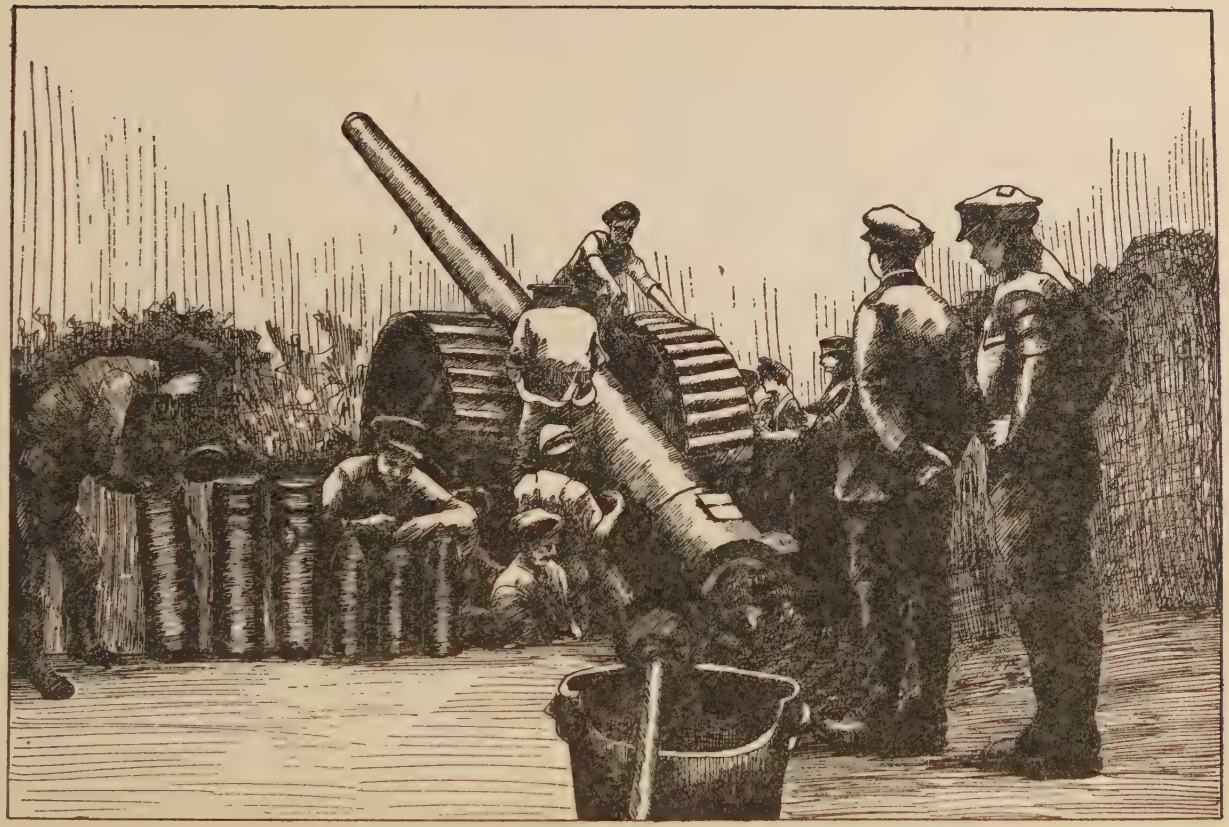
GREEN. Murderer? No, savior!

SCENE 2.

SCENE: *The curtain rises to reveal a court room. The bench is to the right side of the stage; the jury box is against the rear wall, right. There is a door between the bench and the jury box. The attorneys and* GREEN *are seated at a table facing the bench.* ROSE, MRS. GREEN *and the children, are seated outside the railing which divides the stage into unequal parts. In the smaller part of the stage, the audience is seated. Door at left rear.*

As the curtain goes up, the attorney for the defense is summing up.

WORK *(attorney for the defense).* And so, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I submit that there is a greater war than that between nations; that that war is one between classes. And that, just as wars between nations are not illegal, so it is not illegal for the defendant to kill in self-defense in this incident of the class war. Place yourself in this man's case; his family and himself starving, work impossible to get; and then there comes the hope of work, of life. But what does he find that work to be—producing clothing, food, toys?



Tools of civilization

No, none of these—they bring joy and speak of life; instead he found the work of Redford to be the work of the greatest and of the most terrible of all horrors, the work of death. The prosecution has told you Green should have taken that work without a word—that it was his duty to his country. But he refused—refused in the face of dire want. The greater fool, you say? Rather, the greater hero, a man who gave his own life for his fellow men. Still, you say, that does not excuse the murder. But again place yourself in his position; taunted, attacked, being forced into a work which was a sin. Put yourself in that position; would you not kill for liberty, for conscience, for civilization? Gentlemen: Always remember that Green killed Redford because he refused to kill you.

(WORK *sits down. Prosecutor rises.*)

PROSECUTOR. Your honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the jury. The gentleman of the defense has drawn a pretty picture of a society of one class. He has told you that that society should exist but for one thing: the happiness of all its members. Should there come a time when an individual appears who endangers the happiness of anyone, that individual should be removed. And, as an actor fulfilling that rôle, he pictures the accused. But let us stop for a moment. Given the right of one person to remove another when the happiness of society is endangered, who shall regulate that right? As a nation, we have claimed that the mandate of a large part of the people shall regulate that right, and so we have laws governing murder, and, because of those laws, we are here today. The defense stresses the individual; we stress the nation. As a nation, we have insisted that no man has the right to kill

another for the sake of civilization, and because of our insistence, we demand the death penalty for Green. With no excuse, except the good of civilization, he has killed Redford. We deny the validity of that excuse; we uphold the rule of the nation; the individual must not rule; the nation must live. *(He sits down.)*

JUDGE. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you will arrive at your verdict according to your instructions. The bailiff will conduct you to your room.

(The bailiff is then sworn. They rise and follow the bailiff from the room by the door between the jury box and the bench. The judge soon follows.)

GREEN *(to attorney)*. Do you think I have much of a chance?

ATTORNEY. I'm afraid not.

MRS. GREEN. Jim, do you think they'll hang you?

GREEN. No, no.

ATTORNEY. If they have any sense, they'll let him off right away. *(Clamor without.)*

GREEN. What's that?

ATTORNEY. I don't know, but maybe they're after you. I wish that deputy would hurry to take you to your cell.

(Deputy enters by door, left rear.)

ATTORNEY. Here, take Green to his cell in a hurry.

DEPUTY. What's the rush?

ATTORNEY. Hear that crowd?

DEPUTY. They're just howling because of a big defeat to us.

ATTORNEY. Defeat? How big?

DEPUTY. Three divisions wiped out.

(Dismay in group. Stage darkens. The lights go on to reveal the jury room. The twelve jurors are grouped about a long table which extends across the room. Some are seated, some are not. There is a door, left rear, and windows on right wall. Tumult without.)

JOHNSON. What on earth's all the riot?

ANDERSON *(seated at head of table)*. Let's decide on the verdict and set a penalty and find out afterwards.

JOHNSON. Oh, to the deuce with that. We can hang him as quickly as we find him guilty.

CARPENTER *(from window)*. Big crowds outside rushing around the entrance.

JONES. Do you suppose they're after us? I don't like this kind of trial. Liquor trials are much safer.

JOHNSON *(also at the window)*. No, they seem excited at something in the paper. Look at them rush that paper boy.

CARPENTER. Let's have the bailiff get us one.

ANDERSON. No, that would be against the instructions.

JOHNSON. Oh, that doesn't matter to us. (CARPENTER *has opened the door.)*

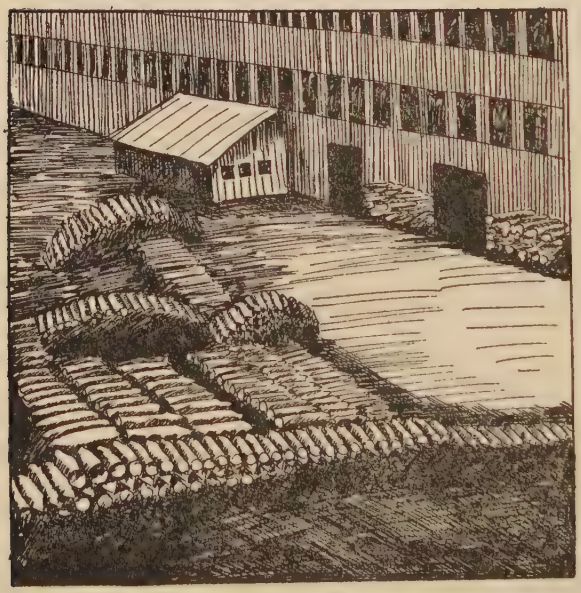
CARPENTER *(to bailiff)*. Get us a paper.

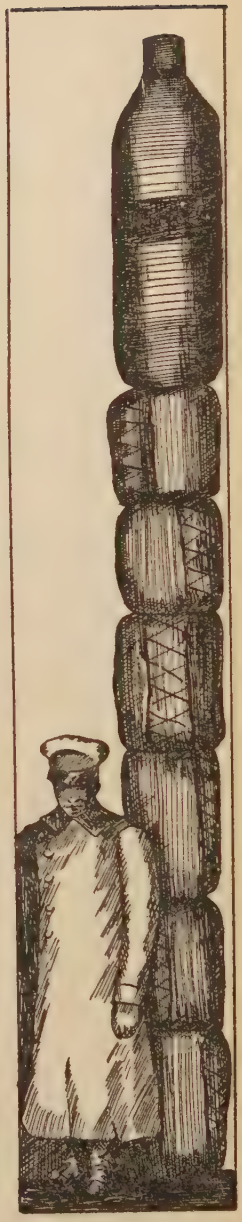
BAILIFF. Can't do that. Very sorry.

(CARPENTER *gives him money.)*

CARPENTER. Hurry up, hurry up.

(Goes back to window.)





Messengers of civilization

ANDERSON. Gentlemen, let us go back to our business.

JOHNSON. There he goes.

CARPENTER. And got one by showing his star. The old humbug.

SAUNDERS. Look, there're troops at the head of the street.

JOHNSON. They're sure pushing through that mob.

(Knock at door. Bailiff gives paper to Carpenter.)

CARPENTER *(looks at paper)*. God! No wonder.

(Throws paper on table. JOHNSON *picks it up.)*

JOHNSON. Hardly illuminating.

CARPENTER. Three divisions practically annihilated.

ANDERSON. Three? How?

CARPENTER. They tried a drive—failed.

ANDERSON. They have died in a great cause.

MRS. LAMPHREY. What divisions were they?

CARPENTER. They fought to the bitter end.

(Men have gathered around the paper.)

JONES. It was one hell of a good fight.

MRS. LAMPHREY. Please, may I see the paper?

(They stand aside.)

ANDERSON. Oh, pardon, you can't help reading it without a thrill of pride.

MRS. LAMPHREY. I can't read it; tell me what divisions they were.

ANDERSON. The Twenty-second.

MRS. LAMPHREY. Yes.

ANDERSON. The Forty-first.

Songs and prayers for victory in the path of civilization

MRS. LAMPHREY. Yes.

ANDERSON. The Eighteenth.

JONES. Good fighting men they were, too—the kind of men that come from us.

MRS. LAMPHREY. No, they didn't come from such as you, or they would be home now.

ANDERSON. Now, lady, don't be flying off the handle. A defeat like this is a little hard for women who don't understand war.

MRS. LAMPHREY. No, I don't understand war. My son was in the Eighteenth Division.

JOHNSON. In the Eighteenth Division?

CARPENTER. Why, it went out first. He's probably—ah——

MRS. LAMPHREY. Yes, he's probably gone.

ANDERSON. Well, lady, he died for the honor of his country. Seems to me it would be a great honor to have my son die that way.

MRS. LAMPHREY. You have a son in the war?

ANDERSON. Yes, ma'am. Enlisted the first day. Needed a good trained man so bad they put him in charge right away.

JOHNSON. Well, let's go on with the verdict.

ANDERSON. All right, all for hanging put up their hands.

(All do, except MRS. LAMPHREY.*)*

ANDERSON. Why, lady, you must vote "Yes."

MRS. LAMPHREY. No, the man was right. Better one to die than all those.

ANDERSON. Madam, you are defiling the memory of your son.

MRS. LAMPHREY. How can you defile the memory of *your* son by your platitudes?

ANDERSON. Memory of my son? He is alive.

MRS. LAMPHREY. He isn't. In that paper is notice of his death.

ANDERSON. Nonsense.

CARPENTER. Let's look and see.

(Starts scanning back page.)

ANDERSON. My son is at the rear in charge of trained workers.

CARPENTER. Here, John Anderson.

ANDERSON. My son!

CARPENTER. . . . . , resident of this city, was killed Tuesday by a shell which struck the tent in which he was barbering one of the men of his company.

ANDERSON. My son dead. *(Draws himself up, pompously.)* Gentlemen, I have given my son to my country; I have made the supreme sacrifice. *(Pause.)*

JOHNSON. Let's decide on the verdict.

MRS. LAMPHREY. I'll never agree to any verdict of guilty for that man. He was right. Man must live, or honor is utterly worthless.

ANDERSON. Madam, you do not act the honor of your position.

MRS. LAMPHREY. Honor? You would feel the same if you were I. You see, I had only one son.

ANDERSON. And you have only one country.

MRS. LAMPHREY. I never held my country in my arms. Gentlemen, who votes for not guilty?

(All raise their hands except ANDERSON.*)*

ANDERSON. You damned cowards. I don't show a white liver, and I've given my son.

(Noise outside has been growing louder.)

JOHNSON *(from window)*. The mob is trying to rush the soldiers.

CARPENTER. I guess they agree that Redford deserved what he got.

ANDERSON. You think they do? *(Knock. Enter bailiff.)*

BAILIFF. Judge ordered me to move you to another building where you'll be safe.

ANDERSON. They're after us?

BAILIFF. I can't say that; it might prejudice you.

ANDERSON. Might prejudice us? That means they are after us.

JOHNSON. God, look at them fight those soldiers.

ANDERSON. I'll make out the verdict and let's get out of here.

(Is writing as light goes out. Light goes on to reveal court room. Characters are as they were at opening of scene, except GREEN'S *attorney is seated and there are soldiers about the room.)*

JUDGE. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at your verdict?

ANDERSON. Yes, your honor.

And on the enemy side—prayers—"Kill as many of the enemy as you can"

JUDGE. One moment before you read it. The crowd is warned against making any demonstration. There are armed men about the room who will suppress any riot. Mr. Foreman, read your verdict.

ANDERSON. We hereby find the accused, James Green, not guilty of the crime charged. *(Cheers from crowd.)*

MRS. GREEN. Jim!

(Rushes forward and puts arms around his neck.)

GREEN. Hush, Helen. (ROSE *steps up.)*

ROSE. Come, take your seat, Mrs. Green.

(She leads her back.)

JUDGE. Members of the jury, in what manner you have reached your verdict I do not know. You are dismissed from further jury duty. You, sir, are freed because of dereliction of duty by these people. Court is adjourned.

MRS. GREEN. Jim, Rose has found you a job.

GREEN. Work? Work at last?

(A captain has been forcing his way through the crowd.)

CAPTAIN. I have been ordered to place you under military arrest for evading the draft.

MRS. GREEN. You can't arrest him; he is free.

ROSE. Hush, he must go to war.

GREEN. But I have work to do.

CAPTAIN. You may work for your country in the war.

GREEN. In the war? I should do the job well; I am an experienced murder. No! never—as I refused to make muni-

Result of war

"In the name of victory"—in the path of civilization

tions to kill my fellow men, so I refuse, now, to go and kill my fellow men.

CAPTAIN *(to guard)*. To the prison barracks with him! *(They drag* GREEN *away.)*

SCENE 3.

SCENE: *A city square. Trees, benches, etc.*

(Enter REVERA *and* ROSE *in earnest conversation.)*

ROSE. Workers cannot marry nowadays.

REVERA. Why do you think so?

ROSE. I just saw a family this morning with two children and they had no food in the house. It made me feel dreadfully bad.

REVERA. Did you take them anything?

ROSE. Yes, but only a little. We haven't a great deal at our house ourselves. My father has a little work but I was fired out of the shop for talking unionism, and I have been blacklisted by the other shops. So I haven't been able to get any work.

REVERA. I am working now and I might be able to help them a little. Let's go and see them.

ROSE. Well, I have to speak on the street tonight, so we will go after I have finished talking. Are you coming along to the meeting, Revera?

REVERA. I may, but I am awfully tired. They speed us up in the shop until we feel like so many tired horses. We are hardly able to move. *(They sit down on a bench.)*

Result of war

Home and womanhood in the path of civilization

ROSE. It was the same way in our shop.

REVERA. Yes, they seem to be getting the speed-up system in all the shops.

ROSE. Yes, when I worked I felt like an old woman every night. I was so exhausted I could hardly sleep.

REVERA. That is exactly the way I feel. If I had to work every day for ten years at the rate I'm going now, I'd be an old man at thirty-five.

ROSE. Then your boss would pension you for faithful service, wouldn't he? *(She laughs.)*

REVERA. He would not. He'd fire me and throw me on the scrap heap and get a young man for my job.

ROSE. He'd treat you like he'd treat an old piece of machinery that was worn out, wouldn't he?

REVERA. No. He'd take better care of his machines than he takes of his workers. It costs money to replace machinery. Human beings replace themselves and it doesn't cost the boss anything, either.

ROSE. Yes, you are right about that. There are always more workers than there are jobs.

REVERA. I wonder how it would be if there were less workers than jobs, just for a change?

ROSE. If the workers would refuse to marry and bring large families into the world, that is what would happen after a little while.

REVERA *(laughing)*. I never thought of that before. I guess you're right.

ROSE. No, you never thought of it because you are a man.

Result of war

Crucifixion of virtue in the path of civilization

REVERA *(laughs heartily)*. That would be a great scheme, but to make it work you'd have to create a new kind of mortal. That would be a sort of recall unheard of. Besides, you don't seem to be in this creating business yourself.

ROSE *(scornfully)*. I suppose you think you are very funny, don't you?

REVERA. Why the whole scheme is enough to make a cow laugh. It wouldn't take effect before the next century, at least, not until all the present kids had grown grayheaded.

(Laughs.)

ROSE. You're getting cynical.

REVERA. Sensible, you mean. If men got scarce here they'd import 'em by the millions from Europe.

ROSE. There won't be any men over there to import after this war is over. They'll all be killed off.

REVERA. That's the truest thing you've said in a month. I don't see why peaceful mortals will stand up and shoot at one another at the behest of a ruler and the command of a big-bellied officer.

ROSE. They ought to use some horse sense and unite by refusing to make war material and let those who make quarrels do the fighting themselves.

REVERA. You are a wonderful girl, Rose. You have taught me so much.

ROSE. Do you know what people call me?

REVERA. Yes, they call you the godless girl.

ROSE. Yes.

REVERA. Do you care?

Result of war

And thus somebody's mother falls in the path of civilization

ROSE. I have no way of stopping them except by becoming a hypocrite, and I won't do that.

REVERA. You are very brave. *(He takes her hand.)*

ROSE. I am not so sure of that.

REVERA. We cannot be sure of anything. However, it is natural to be brave.

ROSE. I can think of nothing but how to do away with the misery in the world.

REVERA. You will get over that when you have had a little more experience in trying to do away with it.

ROSE. Have you ever tried?

REVERA. I have been trying for a long time and I am still trying. But I haven't the enthusiasm I had some years ago. I thought then that the social revolution was about to take place, and after that we'd have human equality where all privilege would disappear.

ROSE. Don't you still think so?

REVERA. No, they were all nationalists in practice and only internationalists in theory.

ROSE. Yes, I think it takes the laborer a long time to understand that the world is his country and solidarity his religion.

REVERA. If we had many girls like you, it wouldn't take long for them to learn that.

(He attempts to put his arm around her. ROSE *jumps up hurriedly.)*

ROSE. I must be going. It is already late.

REVERA. Where are you going?

Result of war

And the daughters shall be divided among the soldiers of civilization

ROSE. I told you I was going to talk tonight.

REVERA. Oh, yes, what are you going to talk on?

ROSE. The war.

REVERA. What are you going to say about the war?

ROSE. I am going to tell them that it is false patriotism that urges them to go to war.

REVERA. This war makes me loathe the word "Patriotism."

ROSE. Patriotism means the love of one's race.

REVERA. It seems to me the hate of one's race. It is patriotism that gathers the laborers up in so many bunches. And each bunch is taught to hate all the other bunches.

ROSE. That is what is false about it. True patriotism breaks down all barriers and makes the people join hands the world over.

REVERA. You couldn't get that into the heads of the people unless you hammered it in with a sledge hammer.

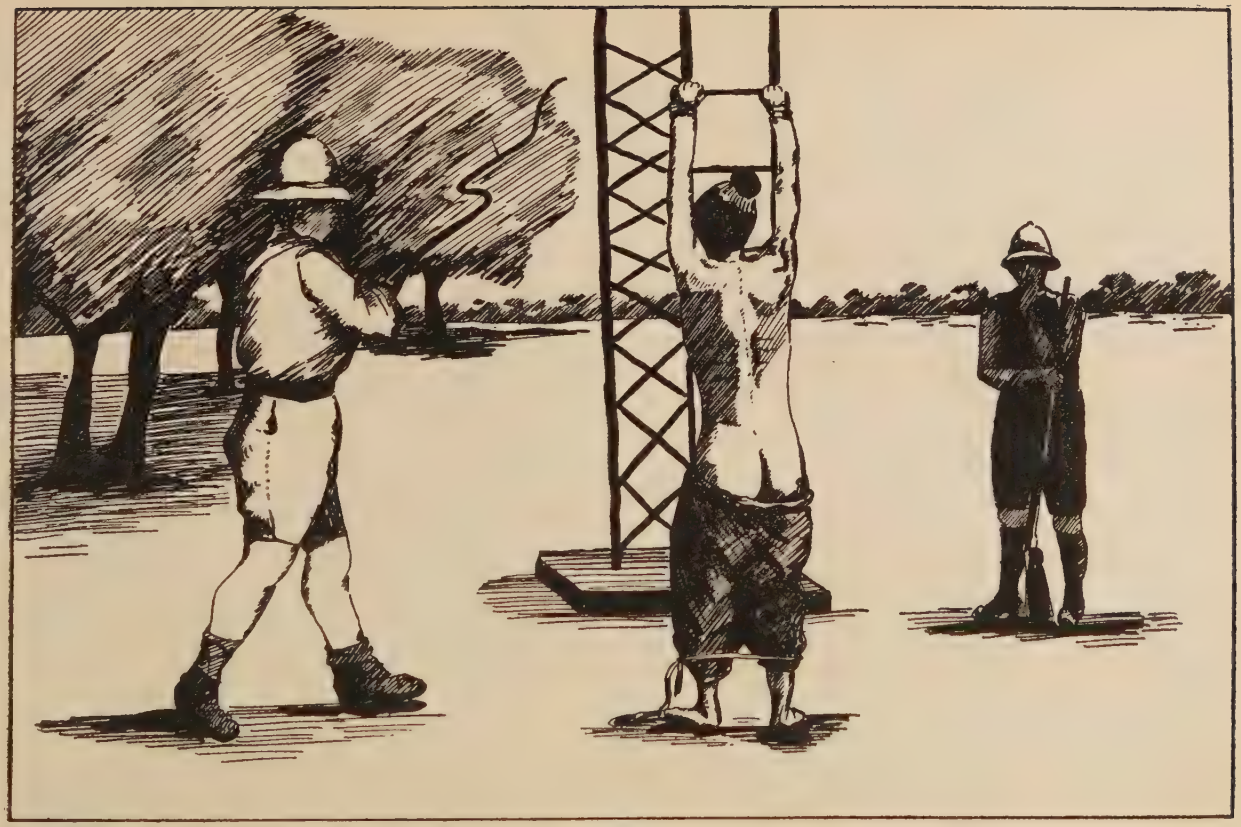
ROSE. But it is so simple, is it not?

REVERA. Yes, it is simple enough. The trouble is that the people's heads are full of complicated philosophies. The brain is like a cup—when it is full you can pour no more into it without taking some out.

ROSE. I never thought of that.

REVERA *(smiling)*. You see, there is something that I can teach you, too.

ROSE *(looking down the walk)*. Do you see that couple coming towards us?



Results of war

The lash shall make them betray their kindred—in the path of civilization

REVERA *(looking in the same direction).* Yes, who are they?

ROSE. The man is Mr. Goodman. The woman is a rich philanthropist.

(GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD *enter and take a seat on a bench not far from* REVERA *and* ROSE. ROSE *turns her face away from them in disgust.)*

REVERA. Do you know them personally, Rose?

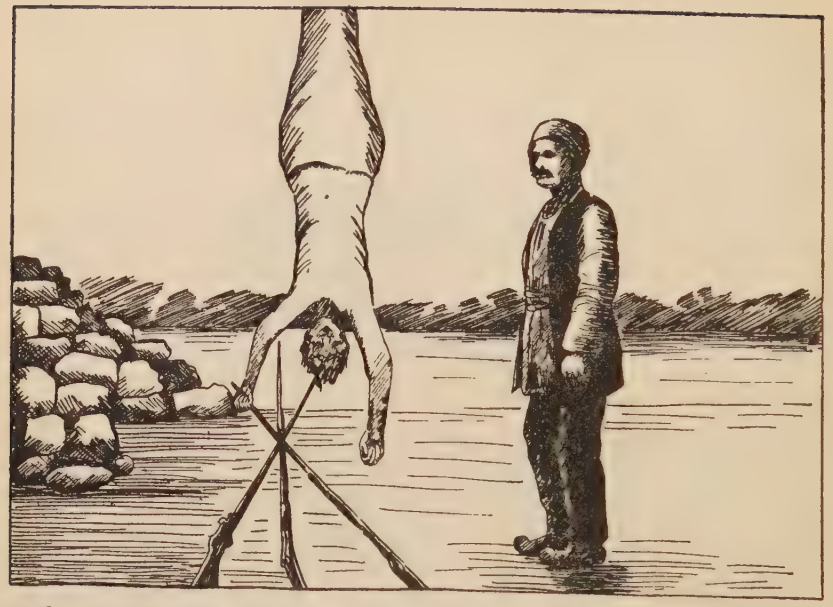
ROSE. I saw the man this morning. He was at Mrs. Green's house. You remember, the poor family I told you about this morning. He made me mad. I'll tell you sometime what it was all about. Now I will have to go or I will be late for the meeting.

REVERA. You will excuse me for not going with you?

ROSE. Yes, surely. Good-by. (ROSE *turns to go, takes a few steps, and then returns.)* And I want to tell you—thank you for what you said.

REVERA. For what I said?

ROSE. About war, I mean! About people's heads being so very full of philosophies and propaganda. *(She looks down the path, and then impulsively gives him her hand.)* Sometimes I get so exasperated at the blank wall, when I try to talk to people—that I forget to *pity* them. Things like this morning—they're so sad and pathetic, and I feel so angry that others go right on—believing their same stupid theories, and not paying attention to some—who are starving—I think they just don't care!



Result of war *"Man's inhumanity to man" in the path of civilization*

Result of war

And even womanhood is subjected to torture in the path of civilization

REVERA *(holding her hand, and looking straight into her eyes)*. It's hard sometimes to remember that most of us have been put in "blinders"—blinders by the years and centuries of trouble and misfortune. You know most people are so interested in their own path and their own safety that they're afraid to look very far to the right or the left—afraid that they'll misstep and become a cropper if they pay any attention to anyone else.

ROSE. Yes—and I forget it too often. But thank you again—for reminding me. *(Pauses.)* And I'm glad—awfully glad—that you see it too!

REVERA. Not half as glad as I am that I have found some one who sees it even more clearly than I do! Sympathy, Rose—it's the greatest gift in the world. You've got it.

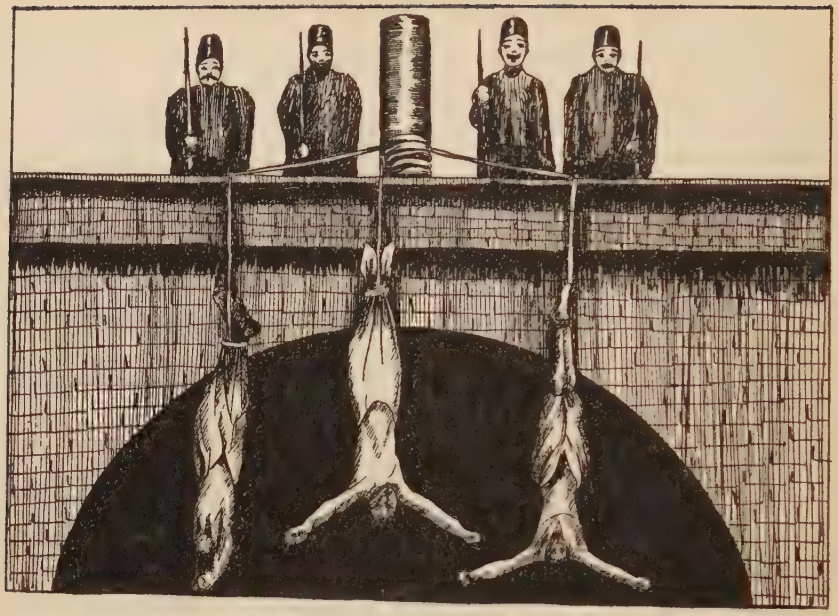
ROSE *(suddenly aware of the stares of* MISS REDFORD *and* GOODMAN, *pulls her hand away from* REVERA). You're flattering me now, and I'm afraid of flattery. I have got to go to the meeting or I shall be late——

REVERA. Good God, Rose—I'm not using flattery. Do you think I'd offer syrup or marmalade to the one person I've found in a long time who can eat rye bread and like it? That's not a decent simile—there's not one strong enough for what I mean—here—I'll wait for you in the park—here—after your meeting. I want to tell you what I mean——

ROSE. Here?

REVERA. Right at this bench. Do you want to know what it is I want to explain?

ROSE *(embarrassed, looking again at* GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD. *Then, recovering from her emotion and discomfi-*



Result of war *"What think you of this"—in the path of civilization?*

Result of war
And they—everywhere—mourn their dead—in the path of civilization

ture, says lightly). I never have been a success at mind reading! Good-by. (ROSE *exits.*)

GOODMAN. Did you see him grab her hand? We'd better keep an eye on him. The city is full of crooks at this time. *(In an undertone to her.)* Lots of white slavers around, too. They say they're generally dope fiends.

MISS REDFORD. Sometimes I'm afraid this city is just a den of iniquity!

GOODMAN. Not as long as there are people like us to keep things going! . . . They say you can generally spot these criminals—their cheeks twitch from nerves. Do you notice anything suspicious about that man?

MISS REDFORD. I can't see very clearly in this dim light.

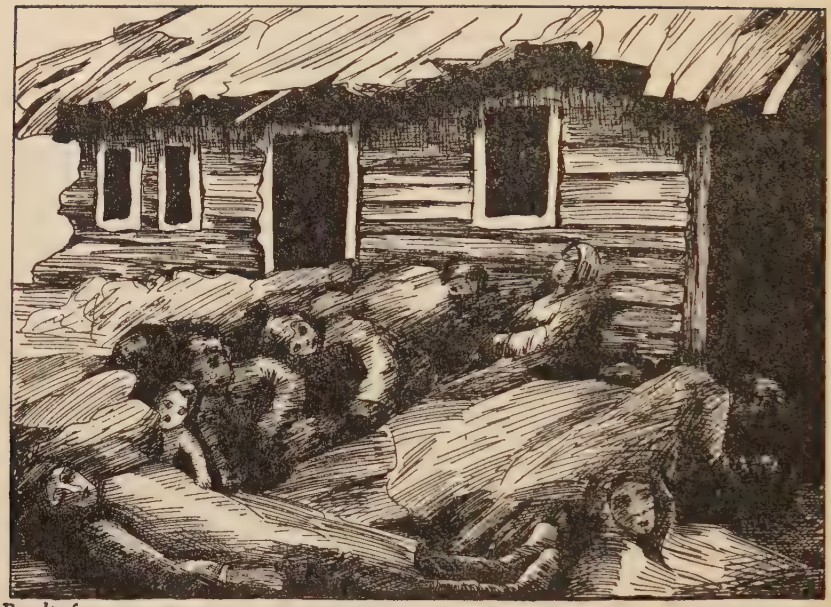
GOODMAN. We'd better stay here a long time and watch what he's up to!

MISS REDFORD. Isn't crime just appalling! I think every criminal ought to be punished good and properly. We have stood that kind of thing long enough. . . . The women in the redlight district must be redeemed and put to decent work, and every man must be put to work, too. If they won't work of their own free will they must be forced to work.

GOODMAN. I have always been a believer in kindness, but where kindness fails we must put sentimentality aside, for the devil finds work for idle hands.

MISS REDFORD. That is certainly very true. It is idleness that causes most of the crimes to be committed.

GOODMAN *(moving closer to her)*. Do you know that my life is a very hard one?



Result of war *Death and desolation in the path of civilization*

Result of war *Ghastly trophies in the path of civilization*

MISS REDFORD. Indeed I do.

GOODMAN. My salary is so small—I don't get over a hundred dollars a month—and it is awfully hard to make both ends meet on a salary of that kind. As a matter of fact, I am in trouble right now.

MISS REDFORD *(looking into his face anxiously)*. In trouble?

(GOODMAN *nods and looks very said.)*

MISS REDFORD. Is there any way I can help you?

GOODMAN. No, thank you. I am afraid you can't.

(While this dialogue has been taking place REVERA *has been smoking and watching* GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD *slyly.)*

MISS REDFORD. Oh, but tell me. I think it is my duty to help you if I can. A man like you ought not to have any worry. You ought to be left free to carry out your mission of helping other people who are in need.

GOODMAN. What a sweet woman you are. *(He gets demonstrative.)* You know my wife never understands me. If only I had married a woman like you, I am certain that my life would have been different.

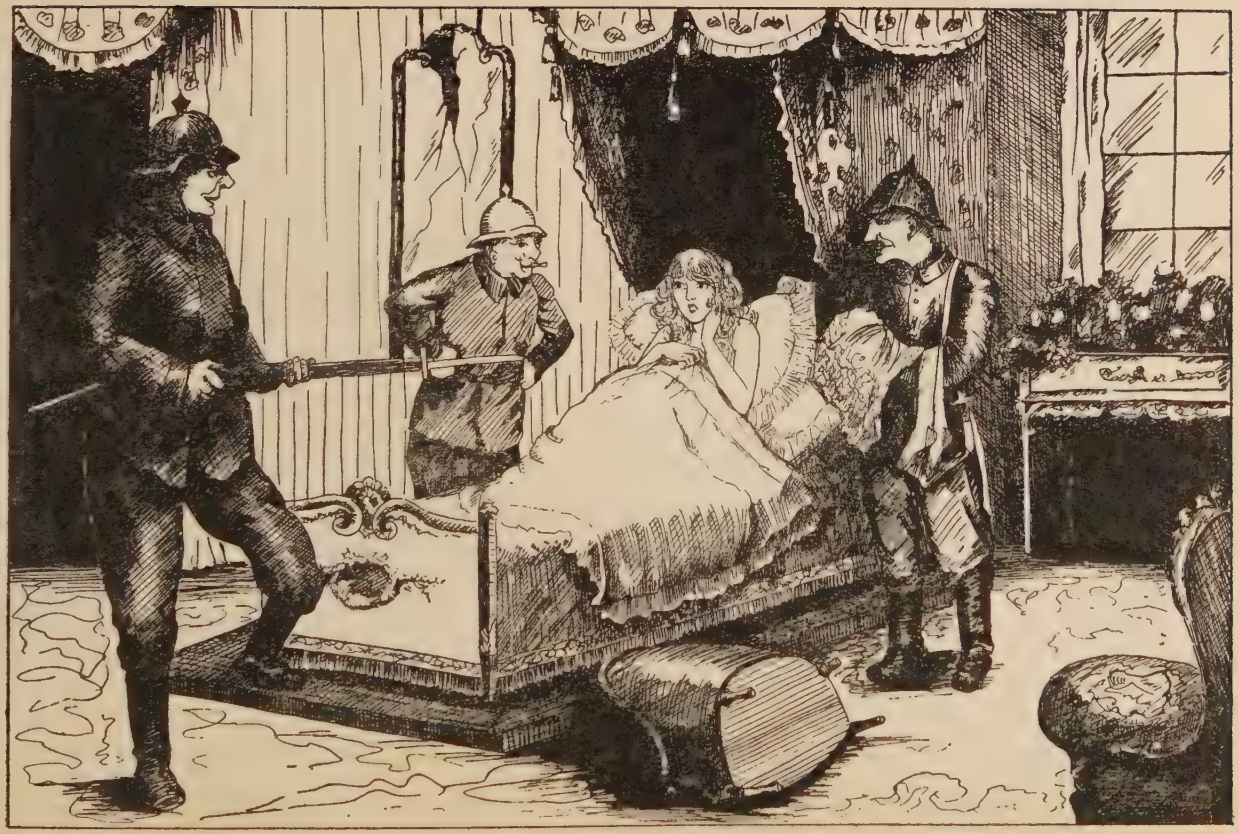
MISS REDFORD *(looks embarrassed)*. But I can help you as it is, if you will only tell me what I can do.

GOODMAN *(sighs and looks down disconsolately)*. It is financial trouble, my dear Miss Redford.

MISS REDFORD. Oh, is that all?

GOODMAN. Is that all? Isn't that enough?

MISS REDFORD *(laughing)*. Well, Mr. Goodman, you know that I am not a poor woman. My father was a success-



Result of war

In which intrusion on virtue is sanctioned in the path of civilization

ful manufacturer and I am quite independent. I am doing this work for the sake of humanity.

GOODMAN *(looking very sanctimonious)*. I understand you perfectly. If only women blessed with wealth would use it as you are using yours, the world would soon be set right.

MISS REDFORD *(very sweetly)*. Now will you tell me your troubles? I am sure I can help you.

GOODMAN. Your father was also a stock broker, was he not?

MISS REDFORD. Yes.

GOODMAN. I've tried my hand at the game. *(Catches himself.)* I—I mean my luck.

MISS REDFORD *(half indignant)*. The stock market has nothing to do with gambling, Mr. Goodman. It is the nerve center of our whole system. That is what my father always said. And only men with the best brains and steadiest nerve can succeed in it.

GOODMAN. True, true. It is the nerve center and to lose would certainly get on my nerves. But, as I was saying, I was trying my hand, and I think that I may be successful if only I could raise some money to pay an assessment on some stock in which I invested everything I had. If I can't pay the assessment, I'll lose the whole thing. My wife doesn't know anything about this and a good deal of the money really belongs to her. She thinks that it is still in the bank in my care.

MISS REDFORD. But one should never use other people's money.

Result of war

Done in the name of JUSTICE *in the path of civilization*

GOODMAN. Husband and wife are one, you know. Why, you know—not to criticize the law or anything——

(Coughs.)

MISS REDFORD. No, one shouldn't—unless you can suggest a change.

GOODMAN. Well, if my wife wanted to, in some states, under the community property law, she could demand half of all I own, and make me sell any business I had, to get her share of the investment out of it!

MISS REDFORD. Really!

GOODMAN. Well—so my wife says. She reminds me of it frequently. *(Looks at her sadly.)* You know, Miss Redford, as I said before, you are a very remarkable woman.

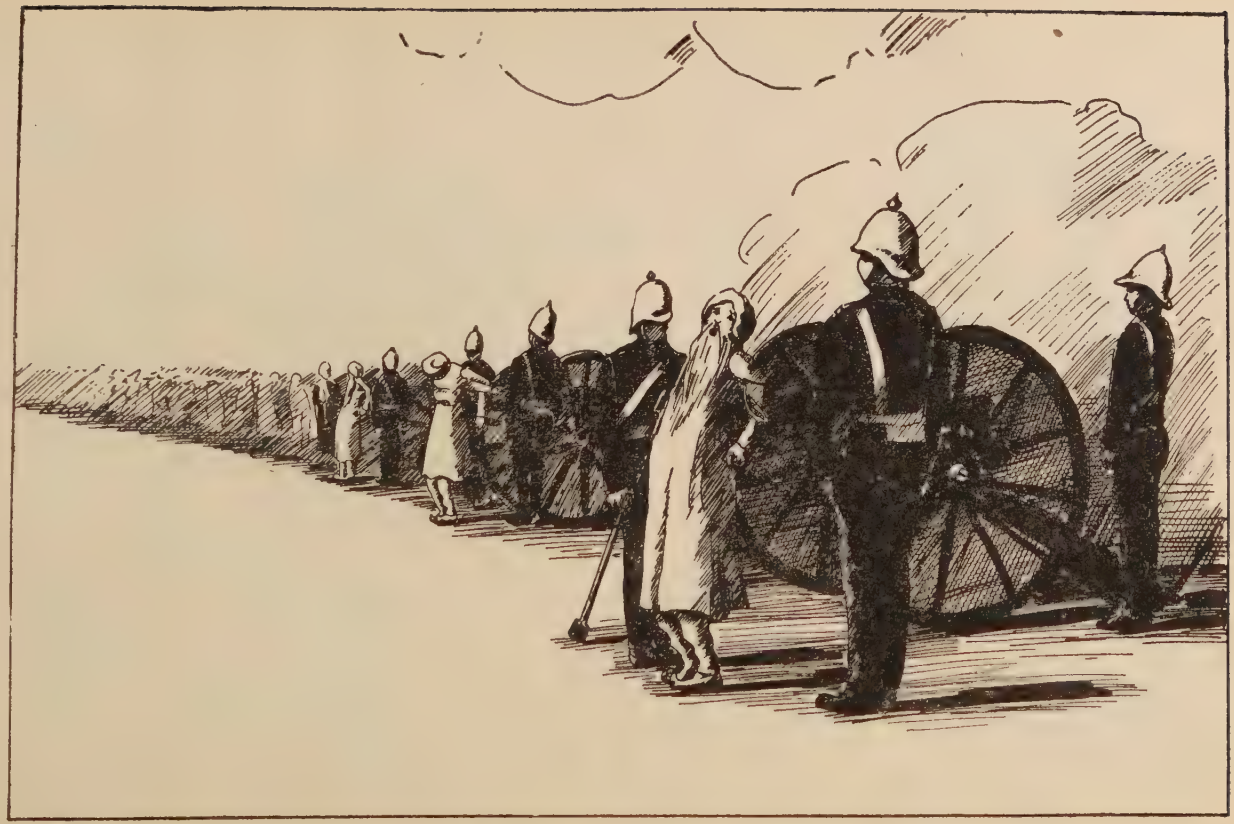
MISS REDFORD. Oh, now, Mr. Goodman! *(Taps him playfully on the arm.)* But I am glad you have such an opinion—because I think *you* are a very remarkable man.

GOODMAN. You're so understanding. *(Pauses.)* As I said, my wife doesn't understand me. She doesn't look at things the right way. Now, this money, for instance—when two are made man and wife, what belongs to one belongs to the other. And my wife doesn't see it that way. *(He sighs.)*

REVERA *(to himself)*. Ha, Ha, Ha, the property divides them.

MISS REDFORD. I think that a husband and wife should be one in soul and spirit but not in property. But now tell me how I can help you.

GOODMAN *(sighs)*. I—I need eight hundred dollars.



Result of war

The aged and the young shall fall before the cannon's mouth in the path of civilization

MISS REDFORD *(takes out check book from her bag, also fountain pen, and writes out check)*. There, Mr. Goodman. *(Hands it to him.)* It is not right that a man like you should worry over a little thing like eight hundred dollars. There is plenty of money in the world. It is provided in abundance for those who make the right use of it. I intend to die poor. I hope to have spent all my money in doing good before I die.

GOODMAN. Really, Miss Redford, I—I don't know how to thank you for your blessed kindness.

MISS REDFORD. That's all right. I am only too glad I was able to help you. Let's take a little walk around the park.

GOODMAN. Very well. I should like to.

(MISS REDFORD *and* GOODMAN *rise and exit.* MRS. GREEN *enters and seats herself on bench beside* REVERA.)

MRS. GREEN. Good evening. It is a lovely evening, isn't it?

REVERA *(looks at her in surprise)*. Yes, indeed. It is very pleasant, madam.

MRS. GREEN. I think it is.

(She laughs nervously while she moves closer to him.)

REVERA *(looking at her closely and smiling)*. You look lonely!

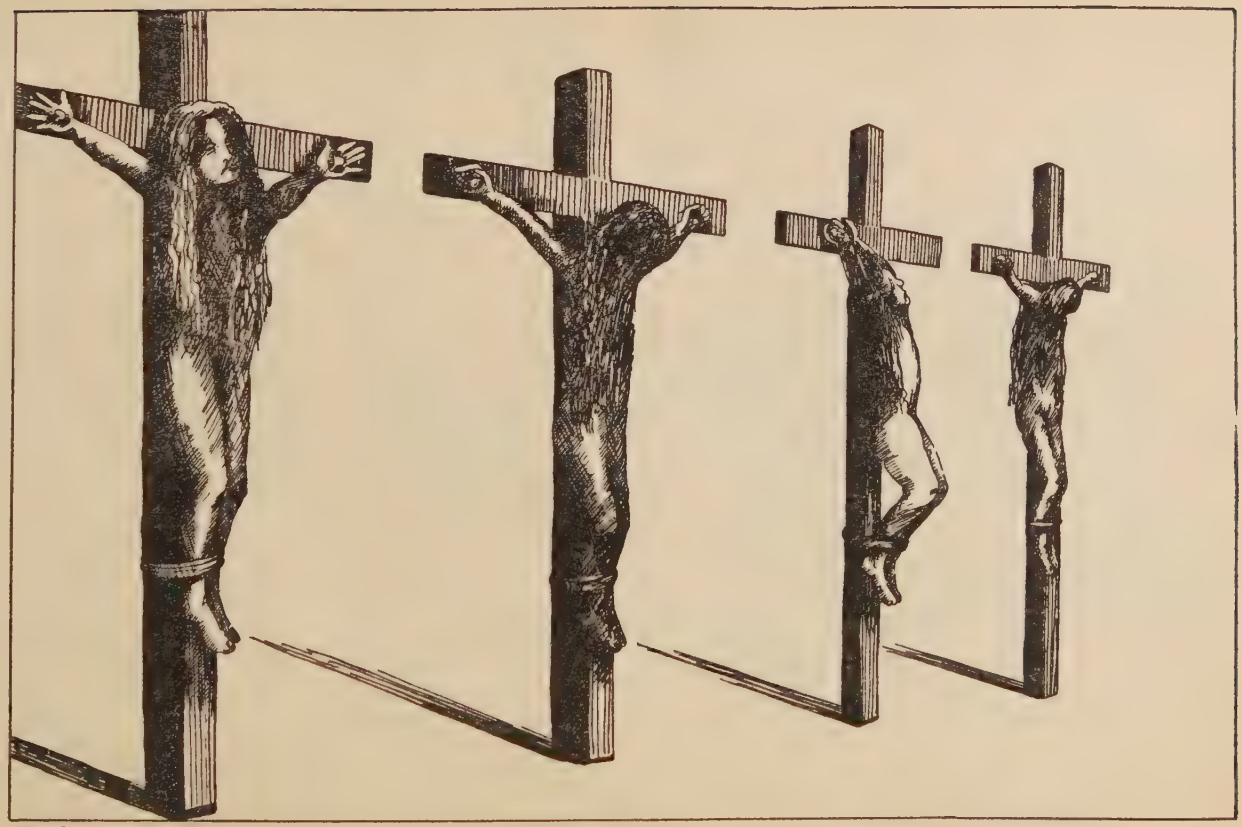
MRS. GREEN. Yes, I am—very lonely—my husband is in jail; he refuses to go to war.

REVERA. Are you a working girl?

MRS. GREEN. No, I'm not. I was raised in the country.

REVERA. You look it.

MRS. GREEN. Is that a compliment?



Result of war *Purity* *Virtue* *Modesty* *Chastity*

In the path of civilization

REVERA. Certainly, it is a compliment. Tell me, how do you like the music the band is playing?

MRS. GREEN *(smiling into his face)*. Oh, I love it. It is very pleasant and I am out for a good time.

REVERA *(observing her pale face)*. You don't look it. You look as though you needed a square meal, if you will pardon me for saying it.

MRS. GREEN. You are not very polite.

REVERA. Oh, it is not polite to tell a lady she looks hungry, eh?

MRS. GREEN. How funny you are. Of course it is not polite. I never heard a gentleman talk like that before.

REVERA. Please don't call me a gentleman. A gentleman is an idler or a gambler, or he lives by his wits. I am a laboring man.

MRS. GREEN. But a laboring man can still be a gentleman, too, and I think you are a gentleman.

(She looks into his face.)

REVERA. You might think I was a gentleman until I get my working clothes on and my sleeves rolled up and my face and hands all grimy.

MRS. GREEN. Clothes don't really make such difference in a man.

REVERA. Sometimes they make a good deal. Might I ask you where you live?

MRS. GREEN. Not far from here.

(Reënter MISS REDFORD *and* GOODMAN. *They seat themselves on a bench near* REVERA.*)*

Result of war *And they shall be hanged to the gibbets in the path of civilization*

MISS REDFORD *(noticing* MRS. GREEN). Look, there is a woman talking to that man now.

GOODMAN. I wouldn't be surprised if there was something crooked up.

MISS REDFORD. We should watch them. We ought not to let them get away from us. *(Excited.)* Look, they are getting ready to go.

GOODMAN *(gets up)*. There is no time to waste.

(GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD *walk over to* REVERA *and* MRS. GREEN.)

GOODMAN *(tapping* REVERA *on the shoulder)*. Young man, would you mind telling me your business?

REVERA *(glares in anger and astonishment at* GOODMAN. MRS. GREEN *takes advantage of the situation and slips away unnoticed)*. My business? Is that any of your business?

(GOODMAN *takes card from his pocket and hands it to* REVERA. REVERA *looks at card, then throws it in* GOODMAN'S *face and scowls at* MISS REDFORD.)

REVERA. Has it come to such a pass that foolish people like you have a right to annoy an honest man and woman?

GOODMAN. Honest people don't run away or get angry when they are asked to give an account of themselves. The authorities have found that there are some very shady transactions going on here in this park in the evening.

REVERA. I have observed this myself. For instance, you have a check in your pocket now that has something shady about it.

Result of war

Found—and lost—in the path of civilization

GOODMAN. This young lady and myself are of good reputation and no one would question us except such as you.

MISS REDFORD *(indignantly)*. And who are you, I'd like to know. Nothing but a crook of some kind.

GOODMAN *(lifts his hand to silence her)*. Not so fast, Miss Redford. It is only right to give everyone the benefit of the doubt. Let this man speak for himself.

(REVERA *laughs scornfully.)*

GOODMAN. I would not advise you to laugh too soon. I have a police whistle in my pocket. That woman you were talking to is waiting for you down the walk. What is she to you?

REVERA. She is my sister.

GOODMAN. Your sister? All right. Would you mind calling her to confirm your statement?

REVERA. Not on your life.

MISS REDFORD. She is probably your sister in crime—yes.

REVERA. Now you've got it. She is my sister in crime, all right. We are poor and it is a crime to be poor nowadays. In fact, the supreme crime of the ages is poverty.

(He laughs loudly.)

MISS REDFORD *(sarcastically)*. Isn't it terrible?

REVERA *(furious)*. It *is* terrible—when I see the poor crying for bread, when I see the men of commercial greed and national hypocrisy driving the laboring classes to battle with one another in the trenches where they are slain by the tens of thousands in the most damnable war to satisfy the greed of some militaristic exploiter.

Result of war

He won a brass medal and a pair of peg legs in the path of civilization

GOODMAN. What has the war to do with the poor?

REVERA. Well, grinding the poor piles up a surplus; a surplus throws thousands out of work; unemployment makes for poverty and a stagnant market, and this all creates widespread discontent. In seeking an outlet and relief from economic depression the masters of each nation invade the markets of their neighbor nations. Gunboats protect the path of the commerce boats. Paths of interest conflict; result, *war!* Then those who were made poor by this process of dissolution and conflict of interests are mobilized to kill and be killed in the name of civilization. You dare ask, "What has the war to do with the poor?" They are its cannon fodder—"theirs is but to do and die and not ask the reason why." Throughout the ages, as slaves, as serfs and wage-slaves, the workers have paid the price of your masters' wars, and you preachers in holy hypocrisy have urged the workers to war with prayer and song while you have basked in the sunshine of their smiles.

GOODMAN. Enough of this. Are you going to tell me who that woman is? *(Points down the walk.)*

REVERA. I told you once.

MISS REDFORD. With a lie.

REVERA *(smiles indulgently)*. No, my dear young lady, even you are my sister, misguided as you are.

MISS REDFORD *(indignantly)*. Sir, what do you mean?

REVERA. That a woman who has so little natural instinct and so much acquired brain that she thinks she can clean up the world with a badge of authority is, well, is a very pitiful creature.

"What price glory?" How many other mothers' sons did he kill in the path of civilization?

MISS REDFORD *(making a great effort to calm herself)*. You evidently know a great deal about the gutter women. So do I. That is why I am out rescuing them and trying to do what I can to restore them to usefulness and happiness.

REVERA *(sneeringly)*. What kind of usefulness and happiness do you restore them to?

MISS REDFORD. We find them work in respectable homes and factories and shops, where they will have a chance to meet decent men and marry them.

GOODMAN *(proudly)*. Can anything better than that be done?

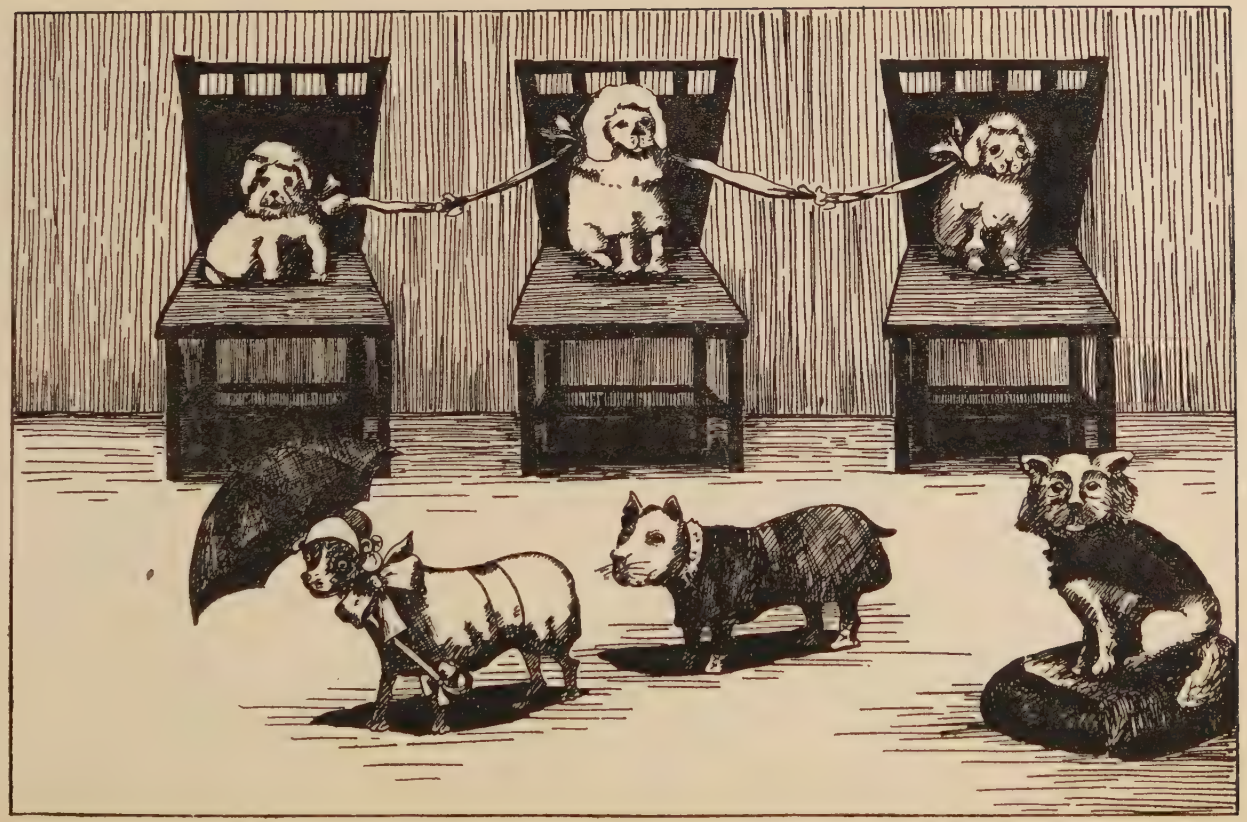
REVERA. All you people can think of is useful work, while you never do any yourselves. Why don't you go home and take off your fine clothes and get yourself into some working rags and sally forth into the world to find some useful work?

GOODMAN. We are especially trained to do this work, young man. We have given years of our lives to train for it.

MISS REDFORD. We have good parents who worked hard to educate us for this.

REVERA. I have observed in life that it is just the parents who work the hardest who can't afford to train their children for anything. If all the hard-working people in the world got enough money for their hard work to send their children to the universities to be trained, why, you would lose your job. No siree, I'll be willing to gamble that your parents never did any hard work. Good night.

GOODMAN *(grabs him by the arm)*. You are not going until we know what you are up to.



Result of war

War dogs that share in the profits in the path of civilization

REVERA *(jerks his arm loose)*. There, touch me again and I'll punch your face for you.

MISS REDFORD *(on the point of putting police whistle to her lips)*. Enough.

(REVERA *strikes the whistle from her hand and deals* GOODMAN *a blow that lays him out. Exits quickly.* MISS REDFORD *bends over* GOODMAN *and helps him to a seat on the bench. Then picks up whistle and blows it.)*

CURTAIN

Act III.

SCENE: *The kitchen of the Green home.*

Curtain discovers MR. GREEN *sitting with his head buried in his hands, the picture of dejection and misery. The voices of children in the next room arouse him and he glances up, listening, with an expression of contrition and sorrow on his face. "Good God! Sixteen months in that terrible hell hole of a military prison becauses I refused to murder for my country, and when I get back—no work. Things are as bad as when I left."*

(Enter TOM *in his night clothes. He goes up to his father and places his hands on his shoulders.)*

TOM. What did you say, father?

GREEN. I thought you were asleep, boy.

TOM. How could I sleep?

(Enter FLO, *stealing up behind her father just as he speaks.)*

GREEN. Is Flo asleep?

FLO *(puts her head under his arm and kisses him)*. How could I sleep, papa, when my tummy keeps me awake?

*(*GREEN *makes an attempt to laugh at her humor which ends in a scarcely audible groan.)*

FLO. When I'm a big girl I'm going to make lots of money and give it to all the hungry girls so that they c'n have everything they want to eat.

Result of war

This lady spends $25,000 a year on her dogs

Lady profiteers attending their dogs

TOM. When I'm a man I'm going to make lots of money, too, and give it to mama and papa and some to that little cripple boy they have to wheel around everywhere.

FLO. Give him some candy, too. He likes candy and he never gets any.

TOM. Yes, and I'll buy 'em purty things to wear and lots of toys an' jumpin' jacks.

FLO. And Noah's arks.

TOM. And trains of cars that run by theirselves.

FLO. Will you give me some, too?

TOM. Uh-huh. When I'm big I'll buy you a doll—two of 'em, big ones.

(In his enthusiasm he takes her by the arm and they go into the bedroom, still talking about what each is to give the other when they are older, and completely forgetting their hunger in this new delightful game.)

GREEN. Bless them! little philosophers! In their tender age they try to solve the problem of the future. *(He sits absorbed in thought, gazing tenderly after them. Gradually his expression changes, however. He glances around the bare room and toward the empty cupboard. As he does so his face becomes hard, and his glances ominous. At last he arises nervously and paces the floor for a few moments as though extremely upset. Finally he faces toward the cupboard in the corner with sudden resolution. He strides toward it, jerks open the drawer, and extracts a pistol. He examines it carefully to see if it is loaded. Then he puts on his hat and coat, thrusts the revolver in his coat pocket, and makes for the*

Result of war

A lady's love

door. As he passes the door into the bedroom he pauses for a second, and stands as though trying to penetrate the closed door.) Surely the litle tykes have a right to live! And by God, *I've* got a right to live. I'm going to take that right, for the kiddies as well as for me. And if I can't get it any other way, I'll steal it. *(He pauses for a moment, as though contemplating a new angle of the situation. Finally he speaks half aloud, as though thinking aloud.)* What if they get me? What will the kiddies do then? And they probably will get me, for it's always the man that steals a loaf of bread to prevent starvation that gets caught. It's never the cashier that embezzles a million. I've got to take my chance, and by heaven I will.

> *(He pulls his cap down around his face, hiding his features, and after another moment of hesitation as he passes the door of the bedroom, he plunges out through the doorway into the street. The slamming of the door apparently rouses the two children who come out hurriedly through the bedroom door and search for their father, an expression of fear on the face of each.)*

Tom. Where do you think papa is?

Flo *(the tears perilously near the surface in her voice).* D'you think they 'rested him?

Tom *(with a laugh that tries to be far more manly and protective than it succeeds in doing).* They don't 'rest people for nothin'! You make me laugh.

Flo. But papa said just today that they 'rested men that didn't have no work to do, an' papa hasn't got any.

Result of war

Living conditions of war dogs

TOM *(putting a protective arm around her).* But it ain't *his* fault is it? *(With an infinite amount of scorn in his voice.)* I'd like to *see* 'em 'rest our papa, I would. They wouldn't dare. *(With a happy inspiration.)* Papa's prob'ly gone out to get us somethin' to eat.

FLO *(pacified and interested).* Do you 'spose so?

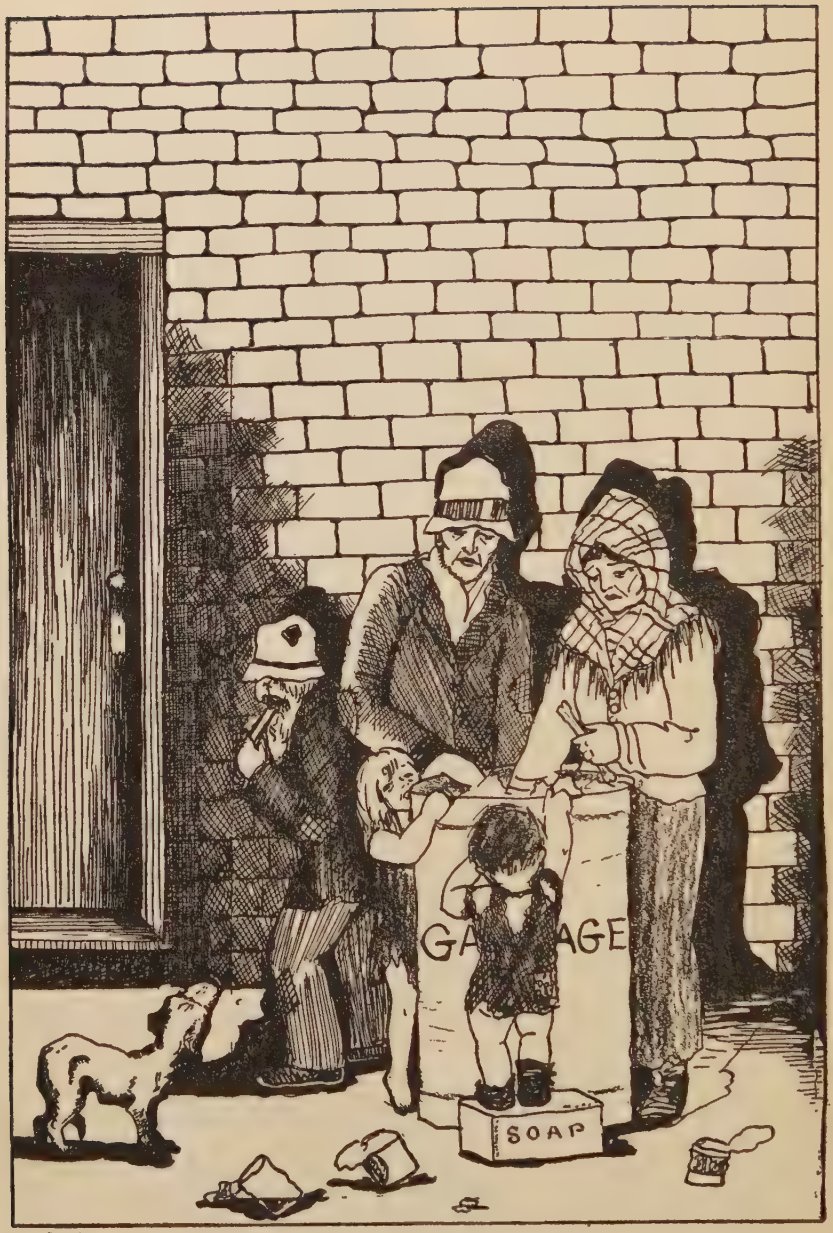
TOM *(almost persuaded by his own fancy).* That's prob'ly what he's done. Come on, sis, we'll go get in bed 'n' wait for him.

(They exit into bedroom, arm in arm. After a moment the door opens, and MRS. GREEN *and* REVERA *enter.* REVERA *stands at the door looking out down the street, while* MRS. GREEN *sits nervously down in a chair, as though tired out by some mental struggle.* REVERA *turns to her finally, and a look of compassion comes over his face as he observes her wan appearance. He starts toward her impulsively and then checks himself and takes a chair by the window, still looking out. Finally he turns to her.)*

REVERA. I thought I heard the whistle as I left those fools and rejoined you. They will probably call out the police the first thing. They aren't satisfied, either one of them, unless they're making trouble for some one. This time, I'm the goat.

MRS. GREEN. You must go, at once, before they come and have you arrested.

(REVERA *laughs amusedly and turns to the window again as he speaks, almost as much to himself as to* MRS. GREEN.)



Result of war

Living conditions of war victims—the dog here is not a war dog

REVERA. It wouldn't be the first time. And with about as much reason, too, it would be this time, if they should get me. *(Taking a chair near* MRS. GREEN *and speaking in evident embarrassment.)* You had something to say to me, a little while ago.

MRS. GREEN *(blushing and hiding her embarrassment by speaking quickly).* I have changed my mind. I — I — couldn't, please.

REVERA. I won't press you—I think I know. And I think I know the reason for it all, too. You would have done wrong for your children—because they need food. Isn't that so?

(MRS. GREEN *hides her head.)*

REVERA. Poor little woman—you didn't even know how to go about it.

MRS. GREEN *(near tears from the reaction and* REVERA's *unexpected sympathy).* I had to. There's no food in the house. The little kiddies are dying—just because they have nothing to eat.

REVERA *(interrupting sympathetically).* Believe me, I can understand. I have been there myself, and not very long ago either. Your husband is out of work, of course?

MRS. GREEN. Yes, and he has been for a long time. He can't get a thing.

REVERA. And the rotten part about it all is that there is plenty of food in the world—plenty of it; millions of tons of it even—being wasted by the millionaires and the war profiteers. And yet you and your children and your husband are starving for enough to eat—not for the luxuries and the pam-

Result of war

Pampered dogs and child outcast in the path of civilization

pering that the rich have, but just for bread and vegetables, and a little meat once in a while.

MRS. GREEN. And what are we going to do about it; what *can* we do?

REVERA. Follow me. Do what I would have you all do, and everything will be all right.

MRS. GREEN. Who are you, anyway?

REVERA *(smiling to himself a trifle ruefully)*. They call me an anarchist.

MRS. GREEN *(shrinking away, in spite of herself)*. Oh!

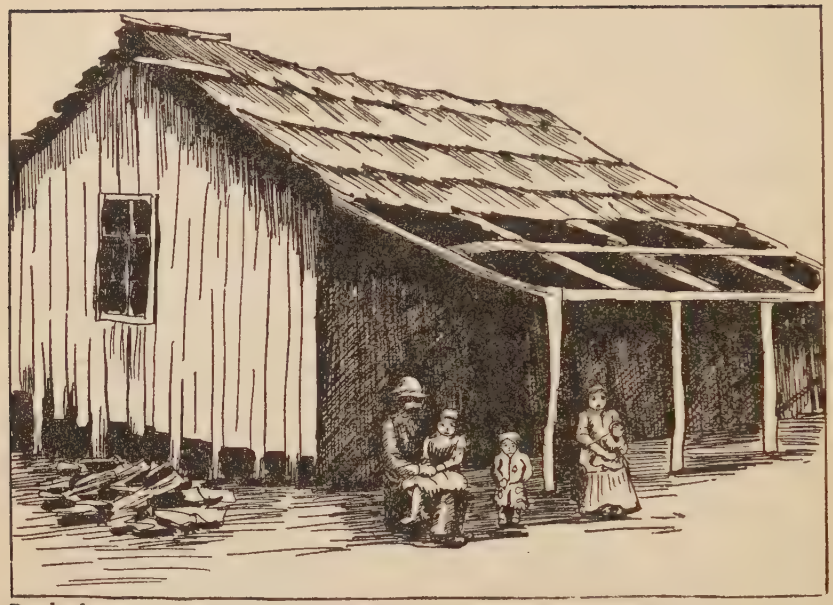
REVERA. Don't be afraid. It's only what people call me. I am a laborer and all I ask is my reward. Is there any other philosophy in the world simpler or more just than that? Where are the children that you spoke of?

MRS. GREEN *(still a little uncertain)*. In there.

(She points to bedroom door. REVERA *goes to the door, opens it gently, and stands looking in, an expression of tenderness and pity on his countenance.)*

REVERA. Poor little kids. They're the ones that have to suffer for all the rottenness of the world. Little innocent kiddies—without a crime in the world against them—without so much as a wrong idea, and yet not enough food to keep life in their little bodies. *(Turning to* MRS. GREEN.*)* It's when you see a thing like that, that you know there's something mighty wrong with the world. It makes me want to fight right away.

MRS. GREEN. You are a good soul.



Result of war *Exterior of the miserable home of the poor*

And they do their best to make it attractive

REVERA. It is hard to be good when one realizes that the rich people's paradise is made of the poor people's hell. That's what makes me a rebel. You know how we are all looked upon—we who work hard for our food—and earn it honestly.

MRS. GREEN. And I begin to suspect that you are a *good* man, too.

REVERA. No, not a good man—only a human who tries to live as though he *were* a human—I think I understand all about your circumstances, now. You know, when two people meet, no matter what they talk about, there is something in them that tells them the truth—where is your husband?

MRS. GREEN *(pointing to the bedroom door).* He is in there.

REVERA. And yet you brought me here?

MRS. GREEN *(shamefacedly).* Where else could I have taken you?

REVERA. That proves your inexperience, even if I didn't know it at a glance—You don't want me to meet him?

MRS. GREEN *(in sudden anxiety).* No! No! For goodness' sake—No, he must not know until—afterward. He would kill me, rather than—that. *(Desperately.)* And I've got to do it. Do you think I'm going to let those poor little youngsters die?

REVERA *(rising and coming over toward her, in an attempt to stem the rising tide of hysteria).* There, there, little woman, they shall not starve. I came with you because I saw that here is a chance for me to give a little helping hand. I have a little money always with me for just such an opportunity as this. We'll call it a loan, and when your husband

Result of war

Garbage gleaners of civilization

gets his job again, you can pay it all back. *(He reaches into his pocket and takes out a wallet, extracting several greenbacks from it.)* I told you I was a worker—and I told you the truth; but I am a little more fortunate than the most of them. I have managed to actually live on what I earn, and save a little—because I have no children. This may help you some.

(MRS. GREEN, *too bewildered to understand at first, sits looking at him as he talks. She is about to speak when, without warning, the street door is flung violently open, and* GOODMAN, MISS REDFORD, *and* HARRY JAMES *enter, in the order mentioned, in all the triumph of dime-novel detectives cornering a gang of thieves.)*

GOODMAN. We traced you here from the park, and here we find you desecrating a home!

REVERA *(in a voice of foreboding calm).* And pray, who told you I was desecrating a home?

MISS REDFORD. All three of us saw you just now with this woman in your arms. We even saw you give her money. *(Triumphantly.)* You forgot to pull down the shades.

REVERA *(calmly).* Of course we didn't pull down the shades. Why should we? We aren't engaged in any shady transactions—such as some I might mention. *(Looking at* GOODMAN *meaningly.)*

JAMES. You figure you're pretty tough, young fellow, don't you?

REVERA. Well, aren't you glad that there are a lot of us toughs? It gives you an easy job where you can pose as a little tin god, while you earn your salary on the side.

Result of war

Although there is plenty on earth these must glean the dregs of the sea

JAMES. If it wasn't for the ladies I would let you swallow that insult.

REVERA. You weren't so solicitous about the ladies a few moments ago, when you made your infamous accusations against this lady.

JAMES. We're dealing with *you,* you God-hating anarchist.

MRS. GREEN. This man is my friend. He has done nothing wrong. He is a good man—which is more than I can say for you.

REVERA *(sarcastically).* Madam: The gentleman just told me what I am, and so it must be true. Any honest and sincere man or woman will say that it is wrong when dogs are treated better than human beings by being at the table and having servants wait on them, while human beings eat out of garbage cans. These men and women who dare to condemn such conditions are usually called socialists, I. W. W.'s, anarchists, and that sort, and I am one of them.

GOODMAN. Whatever you are, we have a duty to perform and we know where it lies in cases like this.

MISS REDFORD. Who would have thought it of you, Mrs. Green?

MRS. GREEN *(flushing hotly, she throws her head back defiantly and marches straight up to* MISS REDFORD *and looks her full in the face).* You silly little fool! You are to be pitied. You are out looking for other people's morals. You think you are entitled to that privilege because you have your war-blood money and a social position, which of course gives you a perfect set of morals as a matter of course. Why, you are more immoral than I would have been, if I had done that thing

Result of war

Police: "Halt, you scum! In the name of the law, let the war-profit dog pass."

that you accuse me of. If I had done that, it would have been because I have little lives depending on me—lives that would be snuffed out if I didn't get them food. You have nothing to account for your uncleanness of mind. You have no children—no responsibilities, except your dog and to spend the money your father gave you. Lives depend on me.

MISS REDFORD *(a trifle subdued)*. But why were you so late in telling the Associated Charities about your troubles? They are there to help such cases, but they must have time to investigate.

MRS. GREEN. The Associated Charities told me that they could not help, where there is a strong man in the family to work.

GOODMAN. You knew you could always come to me with your troubles.

MRS. GREEN. Not this kind of trouble, apparently. You knew of our poverty, and still you did not offer to help us.

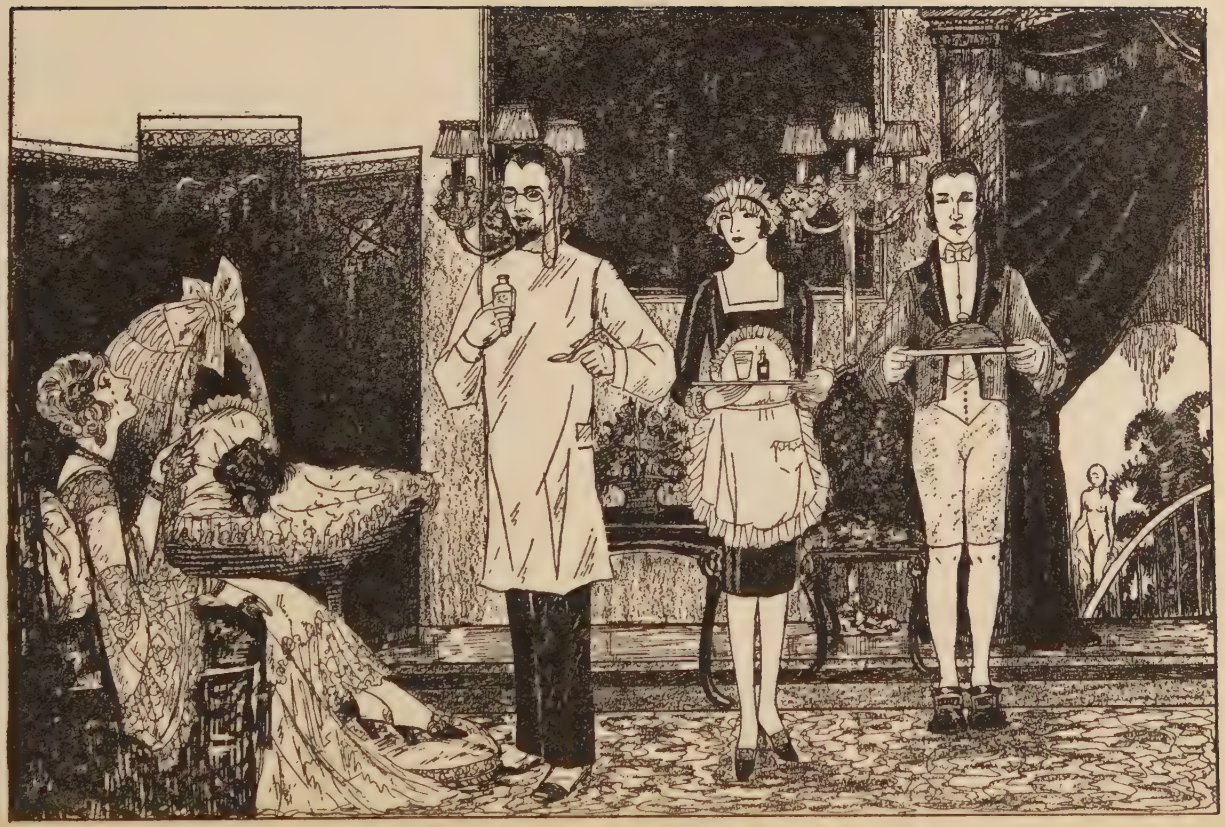
GOODMAN. I am a poor man, myself.

REVERA. Cut out that sort of talk—it belongs in a theater, but it's a little out of place here.

JAMES. You had better get out of this house. You don't belong here. *(To* MRS GREEN.) Where is your husband?

(A knock on the door interrupts his speech. ROSE *enters and pauses abruptly, upon seeing so many strange faces. She looks from one to another inquiringly, and then goes up to* MRS. GREEN.*)*

ROSE. What does this all mean? Why are all these people here?



Result of war

Best medical science and household servants called to attend the war-profit dog

REVERA *(indicating* GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD*)*. They are hunting us. I met your friend in the park and walked home with her. These—individuals followed us like a pack of bloodhounds and looked through the window to see what we were doing.

ROSE. And what were you doing?

REVERA. Consoling each other in our troubles.

ROSE. I didn't know you knew Mrs. Green.

REVERA. I learned to know her since I met you. . . . No, that isn't strictly true. I have known her and her kind all my life —the hungry kind.

ROSE. You talk sentimental nonsense.

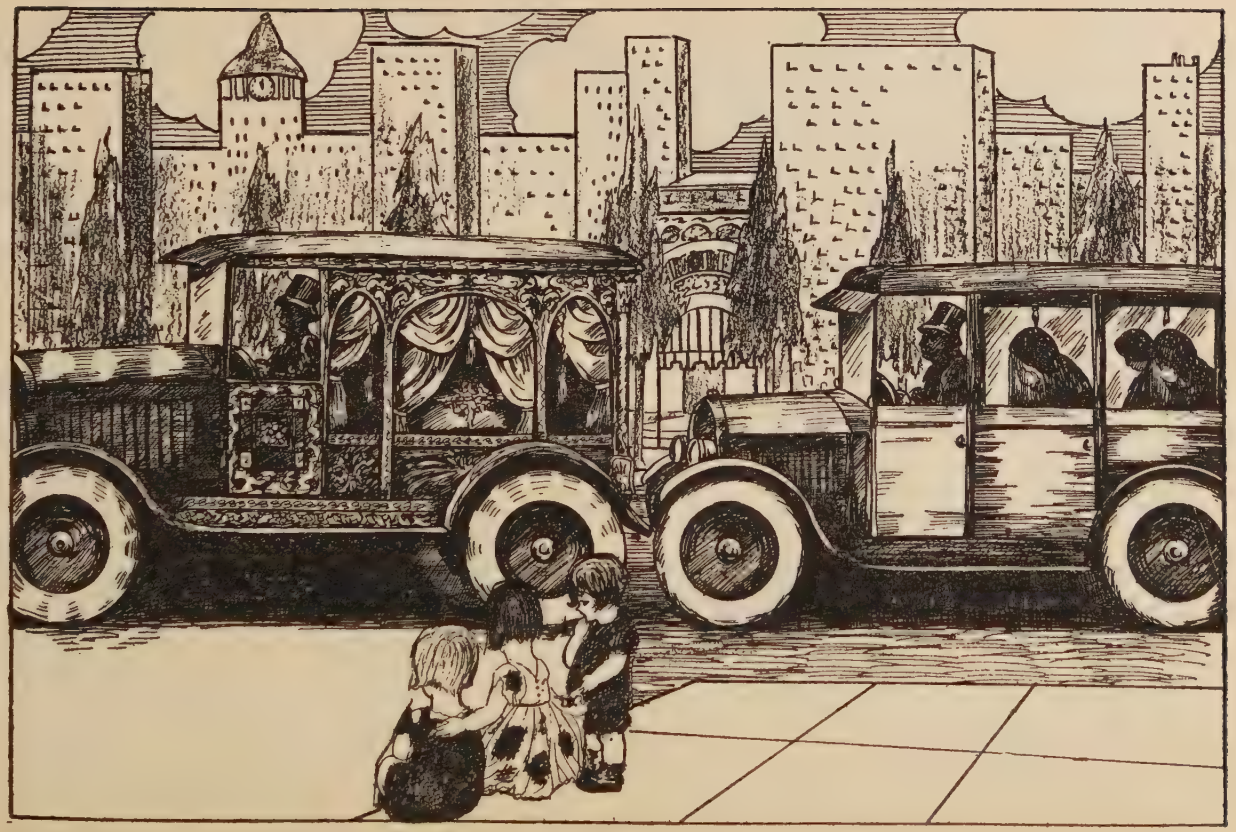
REVERA. All right. It does seem to me that the most sensible thing to do would be to get something to eat for the little youngsters—and for Mrs. Green. Your friend hasn't had supper yet. I am going out to get something, while you and Mrs. Green set table.

(He exits, passing GOODMAN *and* MISS REDFORD *without a glance.)*

GOODMAN *(to his companion)*. Let us go. We will settle this case at the proper time and place.

MISS REDFORD. Yes, and it must be settled for good. No maudlin sentiment shall interfere with our duty and the duty of the community.

GOODMAN. Indeed not. But let us see the head of the household before we go. *(Turning to* MRS. GREEN.*)* We should like a word with your husband before we go.



Result of war

The children of the poor watch the funeral of the war-profit dog go by

ROSE. You had better chase yourself. You've made enough mouth-music for one night. Who made you guardian of the morals of this house anyway?

MISS REDFORD. We are not speaking to you, young lady. We are under no obligation to account to you for our actions. We are the representatives of law and order. You—why you ought to be in jail or the reform school. That's the place for you.

ROSE *(hotly)*. And you ought to be in an institution for the deaf, dumb, and blind, for you can neither see, hear, nor understand.

GOODMAN *(with a great deal of indignation)*. I fear the devil put those words in your mouth, young lady. *(To* MRS. GREEN.*)* Where is you husband?

MRS. GREEN. You will wish I had never called him, when he gets through with you. *(Goes to the bedroom door, hesitates with her hand on the knob, and then defiantly opens the door and calls within.)* Jim!

(For a moment there is no answer, and then a sleepy voice calls.)

TOM *(off stage)*. Oh, is that you, mama? Papa went away. I think he took the pistol, too.

MRS. GREEN *(goes hurriedly over to the cupboard and searches wildly in the drawers)*. He has! He's taken the gun. *(Half audibly.)* What if he's gone to—to—Oh, Rose, I won't believe it. He couldn't go and leave me with the little children.

ROSE *(who has gone to her side and put her arm around the now nearly hysterical woman)*. To kill himself? Of

Result of war

The funeral of a warrior in the path of civilization

course he hasn't, dear. He's no fool. You mustn't think a foolish thing like that. How *can* you think such a thing?

(At the first suggestion of a "scene" GOODMAN *has whispered to the other two and all three now make their exit.)*

MRS. GREEN. Oh, Rose, what would I do—what would I do?

ROSE. There, there, dear, don't even let yourself think of it. I think he's gone out to—to get something.

MRS. GREEN. Oh, Rose, what do you mean?

ROSE. I mean he went out to help himself to something—for the family.

MRS. GREEN. You don't mean to say that my husband would become a common thief?

ROSE. No dear, not at all. I mean that he has worked all his life and produced so much food, which he never has received, and that now he has simply gone out to collect his back dues—with a gun.

MRS. GREEN *(genuinely startled)*. What could have put that into your head? Why—he'd be taken away from us if he were caught.

ROSE. Well, a starved animal will find food at the risk of its life, and men will do it, too, if they are driven to it. Why were you out in the park? And what were you doing with my friend Revera?

MRS. GREEN *(avoiding her glance)*. I didn't know he was your friend.

Result of war

Where the war dogs go when they die

ROSE *(in a sudden burst of compassion).* Never mind, dear, forget it. . . . Remember, we were to have set the table. There comes Revera, now, with his arms full.

*(*REVERA *enters, places the groceries on the table and then looks around surprisedly.)*

REVERA. Why, you haven't set the table yet. Great Scott! I'm hungry and I had a big supper, too.

ROSE *(starting to clear the table).* Build the fire, will you please, Revera?

REVERA. And let's have a little more light on the question. This is the first home I've been in for so long that I feel like celebrating!

(Both ROSE *and* REVERA *are forcing themselves to be cheerful to distract* MRS. GREEN *from her worries.)*

MRS. GREEN. There's no wood. And I'm sorry, but you need a quarter to turn the other gas jet on.

REVERA. Oh, well, the food's already cooked. We don't need a fire. *(Feeling in his pocket.)* Got a nickel, Rose? Here's two dimes.

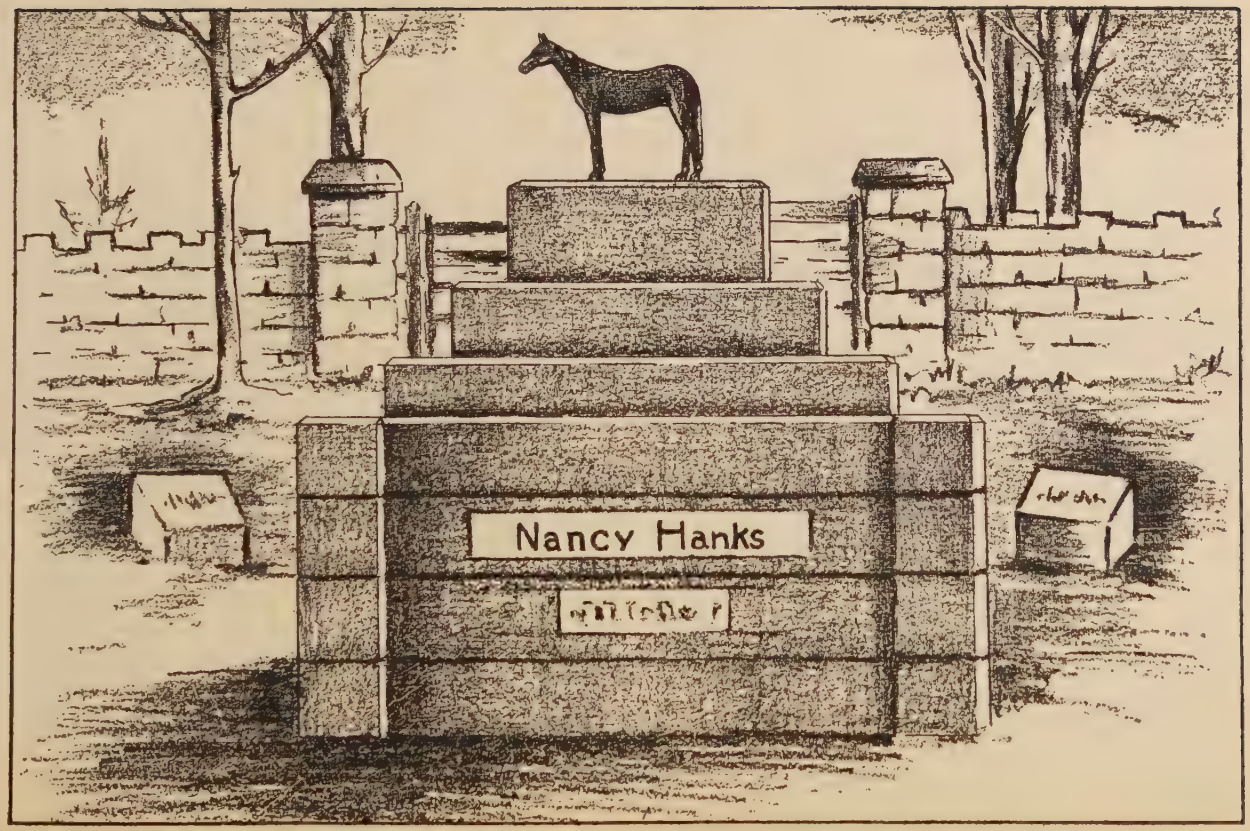
(They fix the gas and the children enter, both very sleepy.)

TOM. Mama, is there somethin' we can eat? My tummy hurts.

*(*MRS. GREEN *goes mechanically to the table and cuts slices of bread, etc., and gives it to the children.)*

FLO. Goodness me! Tom! Look, here's some ham for the bread!

TOM. Oh, mama, is it a party?



A monument of a race horse at Lexington, Kentucky. How many monuments are erected to labor for producing wealth in order to keep up the life of the human race?

(They notice REVERA *for the first time and stare at him openly, in the manner of children.)*

FLO. I've never seen you before.

REVERA *(laughing)*. Well, suppose you come over and get acquainted then.

*(*FLO *goes over, but* TOM *is shy and looks him over first.)*

TOM *(positively)*. You've got a tie on!

FLO. Hush, Tom—he's our guest, isn't he, mama? And I'm sure you're a nice man even though you have got a tie on. *I* don't mind. I like ties! (TOM *seems unconvinced.)* Rose, you like ties, don't you? Mama, you do, too? Besides, Tom, if he wasn't a nice man, mother wouldn't have asked him here.

*(*MRS. GREEN *averts her head.)*

REVERA *(trying to clear the subject)*. Well, it's the best tie I've got—*(laughs)*. Fact is, Tom, it's the only one. . . . But, Tom, you're overlooking something! Where's your apple?

TOM. Apple?

REVERA. Why, here it is, right behind you. I thought you were a smart-looking fellow, Tom—but I guess you couldn't see it behind all this paper. *(Hands apple to boy.)*

TOM. Thanks.

FLO. May I have one, too?

ROSE. Have you ever seen stars in apples, Flo?

TOM. How kin anybody see stars in an apple?

Result of war

Here lies a war dog

Here lies a child

*(*Rose *breaks the apple in two and the children look at it with wonder.)*

Mrs. Green. You had better take it into the bedroom, dears, you may take cold here.

(The children exit into the other room and the three grown folks proceed to set the table. As soon as this is accomplished, all three sit down and commence to eat.)

Revera. How was the meeting, Rose?

Rose. Very good.

Revera. What did you say about the war?

Rose. I told them that I could not imagine anything more horrible and stupid than for labor to kill each other in the interests of monarchs. . . . That in Europe the soldiers ought to do as Shaw advised them to do in the great war fifty years ago. They ought to shoot their officers and go home.

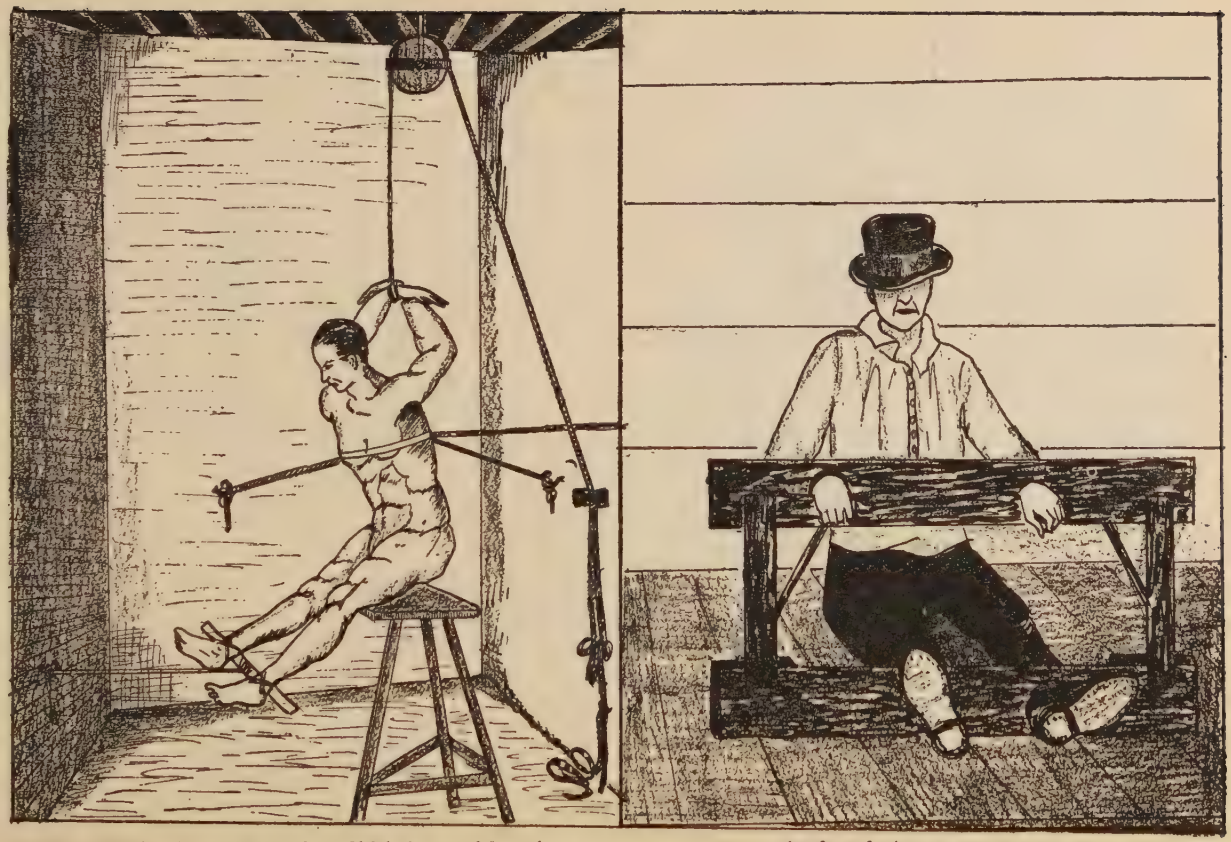
Revera *(laughing)*. Did you say that?

Rose *(nods)*. I told them in the beautiful language of one of civilization's foremost critics: "I would like to see this world, at last, so that a man could die and not feel that he had left his wife and children a prey to the greed, the avarice, or the cruelties of mankind." . . . "Whoever produces anything by weary labor, does not need a revelation from heaven to teach him that he has a right to the things produced. . . . There is something wrong in a government where they who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when honesty wears a rag, and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at banquets. . . . The laboring people should unite and protect themselves against all idlers.

The colonials' mute appeal in the path of civilization

You can divide mankind into two classes: the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. . . . We need free bodies and free minds; free labor and free thought; chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth. . . . The world was full of invention to destroy life before there were any to prolong it or make it endurable. Murder was always a science—medicine is not one yet. The destroyers have always been honored. The useful have always been despised. In ancient times agriculture was known only to slaves. The low, the ignorant, the contemptible, cultivated the soil. To work was to be nobody. Labor was disgraceful. Idleness was the badge of gentle blood, but industry objected to supporting idleness, and laws were made against murder, because a very large majority of the people have always objected to being murdered." As we outlawed the act of murder, so must we outlaw the act of war—but before this can be done we must outlaw all forms of slavery. . . . Slavery includes all other crimes. It is the joint product of the kidnaper, the pirate, the thief, the murderer, the hypocrite, and the war profiteer. It degrades labor and corrupts leisure. With the idea that labor is the basis of progress goes the truth that labor must be free." And that the labor party is the only party that is able to abolish war by refusing to be cannon fodder.

Revera. It is funny to realize that they couldn't put Shaw in jail. If Jim Larkin had said that, they would have him up for treason.



"La Dealia," 1599. As they did it in ye olden times *As they do it even now—1930*

In the path of civilization

ROSE. Well, Shaw was a sort of socialist reformer. No one took him seriously. He never did any harm. He just amused people by picturing things upside down. It tickled their dull minds. And Shaw never prepared to turn anything upside down except by voting for it, while Jim Larkin proposed to do something without the permission of the politician.

REVERA. I see, Jim is a dangerous criminal, while Shaw was a smart man who was a little off, according to smart people.

ROSE. Exactly . . . Oh, by the way, you didn't wait for me in the park. Why was that?

REVERA *(glancing at* MRS. GREEN). You see, I met Mrs. Green, and we dropped into a conversation about various things and then Mr. Goodman and his friend came over and butted into the conversation.

MRS. GREEN *(resting her head on her hand, as though suddenly weak).* I feel that there is trouble in store for us—I have a strange feeling. As though we were in danger, or something. If only Jim would come. Where in the world could he have gone?

ROSE. There is some one coming now.

(She goes to the door as steps are heard on the porch and throws open the door. Enter GREEN, *plainly under the influence of liquor. He staggers over to a chair.)*

GREEN *(throwing his hat on the floor).* Feeding, eh? Give me something.

(He sits down at the table, reaching for everything in sight.)

Booty in year 437

MRS. GREEN *(nervously, and as though uncertain how to proceed or how to act under the circumstances, which are clearly new to her).* Jim, do you know Rose and her friend, Mr. Revera?

GREEN. Oh, sure I do. Pleased to meet you. (TOM, *hearing the noise, has come to the door of the bedroom and stands looking in upon the scene. Finally he comes up to* GREEN *and tries to climb into his lap, smiling affectionately up at him as he does so.* GREEN *pushes him roughly aside, looking angrily down at him.)* Go to bed, you kids. *(To* MRS. GREEN.*)* What in thunder are those kids doing up at this time of night?

MRS. GREEN. They were hungry.

GREEN. Hungry, huh? Well, they won't go hungry again for some time, you can bet your sweet life.

(He digs into his pocket with some difficulty and finally hauls out an indiscriminate handful of greenbacks all crumpled up into a ball, and slams them on the table. MRS. GREEN *starts nervously, looks appealingly at* ROSE, *then at* REVERA, *and then without a word gathers* TOM *into her arms and takes him into the bedroom, closing the door.)*

REVERA. Let's go, Rose, we don't want to interfere with any family secret.

GREEN *(bangs his fist down on the table, making the dishes rattle).* Family secret, eh? Well ain't you done it already? Go and peach on me if you want. I don't give a damn for nobody.

Booty even so today in the path of civilization

REVERA. Peach on you? Why should we peach on you, man? The money's good, isn't it? It isn't counterfeit, is it?

GREEN *(laughing rather uncertainly as he stuffs the wad back into his pocket).* You bet your sweet life it ain't. It's the real stuff.

ROSE *(crossing to him uncertainly and putting one hand on his arm).* You did right, Jim. If anything happens, I'll swear my soul into hell to save you.

REVERA. And I will, too.

GREEN. Oh, that ain't all. *(Diving into a vest pocket he pulls out a gold watch and chain and displays them with a sort of pride.)* The geeser was snoring with this under his pillow and the money was in his pants. There was nothing to it. I was a little nervous, but I got away with it. . . . My first job. Never thought I could do it. Took a long pull at some whisky in the dining-room before I tried it. Gee, I could have tackled a safe after that.

(He slams the money down on the table again and places the watch and chain beside it. MRS. GREEN *has come back and is watching this episode dazedly and unbelievingly. She cannot realize the truth. Finally, however, it dawns upon her.)*

MRS. GREEN. James, oh, tell me Jim—you haven't stolen. Tell me you haven't. *(He doesn't answer her, but turns sullenly away.).* Where did you get that?

GREEN *(angrily).* Never mind, Helen. I got it. It ought to be enough for you to know that. . . . You always wanted to make a coward out of me.

Result of war

They feast while the masses struggle in the path of civilization

MRS. GREEN *(holding out her hands pleadingly to him).* Jim, dear, you mustn't talk that way. You are not yourself. . . . Jim, don't look at me that way.

ROSE. Dear, you mustn't mind what he says now. He needs rest, and you need rest, too.

GREEN *(looking at* REVERA, *half dazed).* Who the dickens are you? I don't remember you.

REVERA. I came with Rose.

GREEN. A good thing you didn't come with my wife.

REVERA. I'll see you tomorrow when you are sober.

GREEN *(glaring at him).* When I am sober? Look here, sonny, are you trying to insult me at my own table?

REVERA. Aw, cut it out. You don't know what you are talking about.

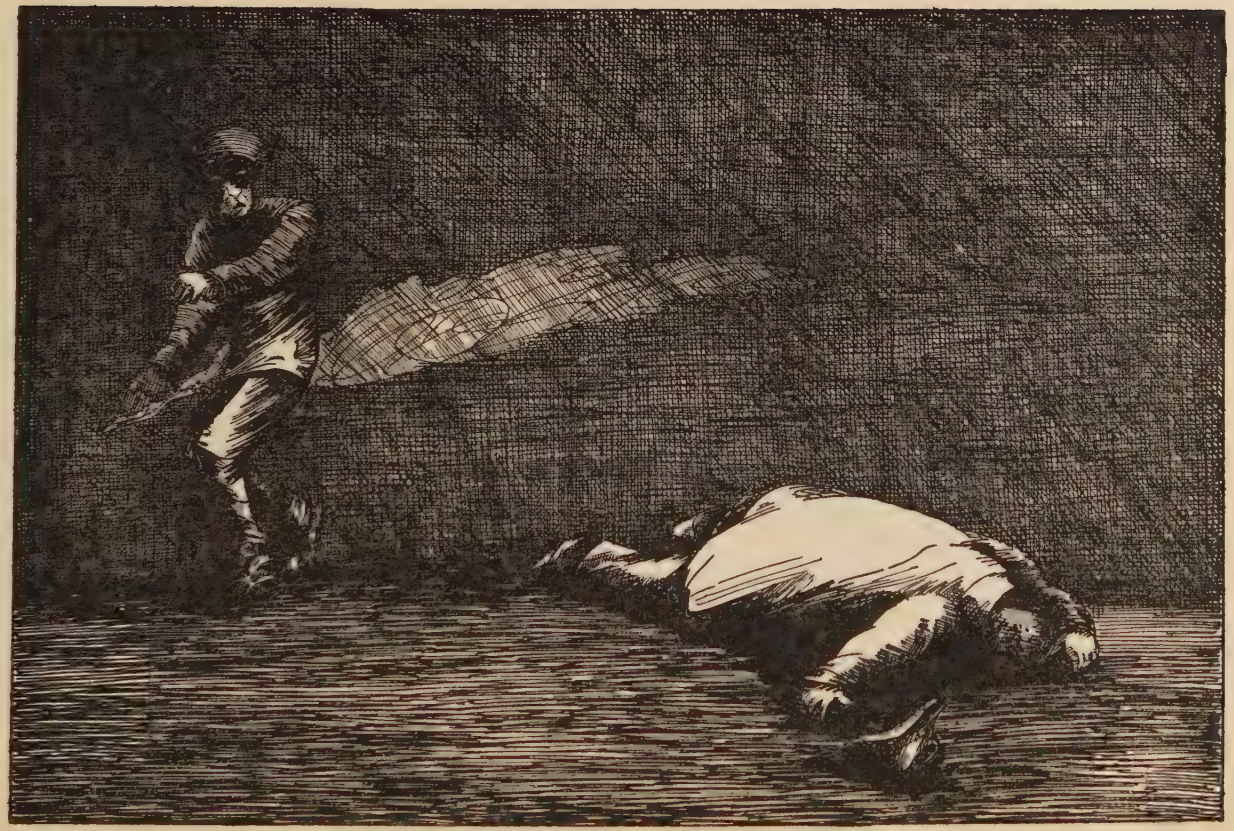
GREEN *(rising unsteadily from the table).* I don't, don't I? I remember seeing you with my wife on the street. That's where it was. It's been bothering me, but I remember now.

(He dives awkwardly into his hip pocket and pulls the pistol out. REVERA *springs upon him, wrestling the gun from his grasp.)*

MRS. GREEN *(running toward her husband in an attempt to calm him).* Jim, you don't know what you are saying. He is our friend.

GREEN *(pushing her aside).* I'll settle with you right now. *(He clinches his fist and makes a rush at* REVERA.*)*

ROSE *(making a leap and placing herself between* REVERA *and* GREEN). You are drunk. You've had something that has made you crazy.



Their law says, "this is not legal"

GREEN. Trying to hide behind a woman, are you?

REVERA *(pushing* ROSE *to one side).* No, I am not.

*(*GREEN *strikes out,* REVERA *making no attempt at a defense, and lands a blow on* REVERA'S *chin, knocking him down. The two women scream and both lift him to his feet while* GREEN *stands looking on stupidly.)*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

And their international conferences declare this legal

Act IV.

SCENE: *Kitchen in the Green home.*

TIME: *Three weeks later.*

MRS. GREEN *sits alone on the couch, looking utterly dejected. Her arms hang lifelessly at her side and she stares vacantly before her. The door opens quickly and* ROSE *enters without knocking. She pauses for a moment and gazes sympathetically at* MRS. GREEN, *who turns toward her dazedly as though in a dream.* ROSE *stretches out her arms toward her and runs to embrace her fondly.* MRS. GREEN *relaxes against* ROSE'S *protecting arms, but still seems almost in a stupor. She pulls herself together with an effort, however, wipes her eyes, and gazes into* ROSE'S *face as though seeking comfort there.*

ROSE. Don't grieve so, dear. We won't let them take the children.

MRS. GREEN *(in a lifeless, colorless voice).* But they are going to. They said they were.

ROSE. Never you mind what they said. Don't you worry, dear. We won't let them take the children, or if they do, we won't let them keep the kiddies long.

MRS. GREEN. What do you mean?

ROSE. We'll kidnap them.

How many of you preach God's commandment—"Thou shalt not kill"?

MRS. GREEN. Whoever heard of such a terrible thing! Taking children away from their mother. I can't believe they mean it. They can't!

ROSE. You can thank our dear reformers for that law. Of course Jane Addams and Ben Lindsey never intended that the Juvenile Court law should work out that way. But the reformer proposes and the system disposes.

MRS. GREEN *(still in a dazed manner, looking past* ROSE *as though at some distant object).* I always thought the Juvenile Court was to protect children—and here it is taking away their only protection by robbing them of their mother. Oh, Rose, I can't believe them. *I won't* believe that they could do a thing like that. I must be dreaming. I must be having a nightmare—and soon I'll wake up and find it isn't so. Oh, Rose, tell me I'm dreaming. Tell me it isn't so.

ROSE. Be brave, dear. It's the only way.

(She watches silently while MRS. GREEN *struggles to control her tears and finally she succeeds.)*

MRS. GREEN. I feel better, Rose. Crying a little helps. *(After a pause, while she dries her eyes.)* Why didn't Revera come into court? He could have cleared me. If he had only come and told them I was innocent, my children wouldn't have had to leave me. Why didn't he come, Rose?

ROSE. That's what bothers me, too. I can't understand it. . . . Of course, I don't know so very much about Revera. I haven't seen him for a week, and I don't know where he hangs out. He came to my meetings and I got acquainted with him in that way. That's all I know about him.

And what may happen to them when these shall heed the call—"Wake up"?

MRS. GREEN. Didn't he know about my having to go into court to prove that I'm not immoral, and that I am fit to take care of my own children?

ROSE. I don't think he did. I don't know, though. I don't know what to think about it all. . . . Sometimes I think he is a spy.

MRS. GREEN. A spy! What do you mean, Rose?

ROSE. Why the whole radical movement is full of spies, dear.

MRS. GREEN. What for?

ROSE. To keep those in power informed as to what is going on among the submerged classes—the workers.

MRS. GREEN. But surely Revera couldn't have been a spy! He seemed such a nice man. . . . You know that evening, when it had come to the very worst? I think I must have been actually mad, or crazy, or something; I didn't know what I was doing—the children crying for bread drove me mad, I guess. Something or somebody seemed to lead me to the bench where Revera was sitting—and thank God, he proved a gentleman.

ROSE *(turning to* MRS. GREEN *suddenly)*. How much money did he give you?

MRS. GREEN. About twenty-seven dollars, I think.

ROSE *(her tone of voice showing new-found suspicion)*. A working man wouldn't be apt to have that much money—to give away. It looks peculiar—mighty peculiar. It's curious that Goodman and that fool girl should have been right there, too—I wonder——

Down with war and superstition! Break the chains that bind us to the path of civilization

(Her voice trails off into silence. MRS. GREEN *comes to her, earnestly.)*

MRS. GREEN. Oh, Rose, you don't mean that he was there to—to——.

ROSE. Sh! I think I hear the children coming. You mustn't let them see how unhappy you are.

(The children come storming in, all excitement.)

TOM *(coming up to* MRS. GREEN, *his face wreathed in smiles).* Ma, what do you think? The judge told Flo and me that we're going to have a nice vacation in the country. Today is Wednesday, isn't it? Well, he said a man was going to come in an auto and take us to the country. Isn't that great?

FLO. We are going to see the pigs and cows and flowers an' everything. Wasn't he a nice man?

MRS. GREEN *(in a heartbroken tone of voice, almost unable to speak for the tears that threaten to well over).* Do you want to leave papa and mama?

FLO. Oh, ma! It's only going to be for a short time. And Tom and me's jes' crazy to get where we can go swimmin'.

TOM. And eat all the berries and cherries an' apples we want. Can't we go, ma?

ROSE *(aside to* MRS. GREEN). For goodness' sake say "Yes." Don't let the poor kids get wise any sooner than necessary. . . . Even the judge didn't have the nerve to tell them the cruel truth. It won't do any good to tell them the truth. We can't protect them from the cruelty of the state's political machinery.

Let those who want war go to war—then will we back them up as you see here

MRS. GREEN *(making a pitiful attempt to smile.)* All right —yes dears, you can go—but don't forget papa and mama, will you? And you'll write to me, won't you—every day?

TOM *(eagerly)*. Sure, ma!

FLO *(throwing her arms around* MRS. GREEN). You're the dearest mama! But don't look so sorry, ma. We'll be jes' as good as we can, an' we'll bring you home some apples, won't we, Tom? An' we we'll come right home, as soon as the vacation is over.

TOM. Say, we have to say good-by to pa. When is he coming back?

MRS. GREEN *(aside to* ROSE). Had I better tell them the truth about Jim?

ROSE *(emphatically). No!* For heaven's sake—*No! (An automobile is heard drawing up before the house. The horn sounds twice.)* There's the machine. Be brave, dear.

(MRS. GREEN *turns perfectly white, tries to say something to the children, fails, gropes her way to the couch, and falls in a dead faint. Steps sound hurriedly on the front porch and some one knocks loudly on the door.* ROSE *stands undecidedly, wavering between the door and the prostrate form of* MRS. GREEN. *The children go toward their mother, whimpering and frightened. Finally* ROSE *goes to the door resolutely and throws it open.* REVERA *appears in the doorway.* ROSE *steps back, uncertain as to how to receive him.)*

ROSE. Oh, it's you!

REVERA. Yes. Here, Rose, collect the kids and their things in a hurry. I'm going to play the law here. Don't ask me any

The torch of reason—the light of truth for all mankind to guide us on "after civilization"

questions, but do as I say. For heaven's sake, don't stand staring at me like that. Get a move on. *(To the children, who stand by their mother, trying to revive her.)* Get your things together, kids, and pile into the machine. *(He catches sight of the prostrate form of* Mrs. Green, *and starts.)* What's the matter here? *(To* Rose.) Has she just fainted, or—is she——

Rose *(finally finding her voice).* She's all right. Just fainted.

Revera. Well, get the kids ready to go with me while I try to revive her.

(He gets water and bathes Mrs. Green's *face, chafes her hands, and fans her.* Rose *stands watching him suspiciously for a moment or so, as though still in doubt as to whether or not he is an enemy and then, apparently deciding that she must take the risk, gets the children's things together, puts their hats and coats on, etc. When they are ready, she urges them toward the door, and approaches* Revera.*)*

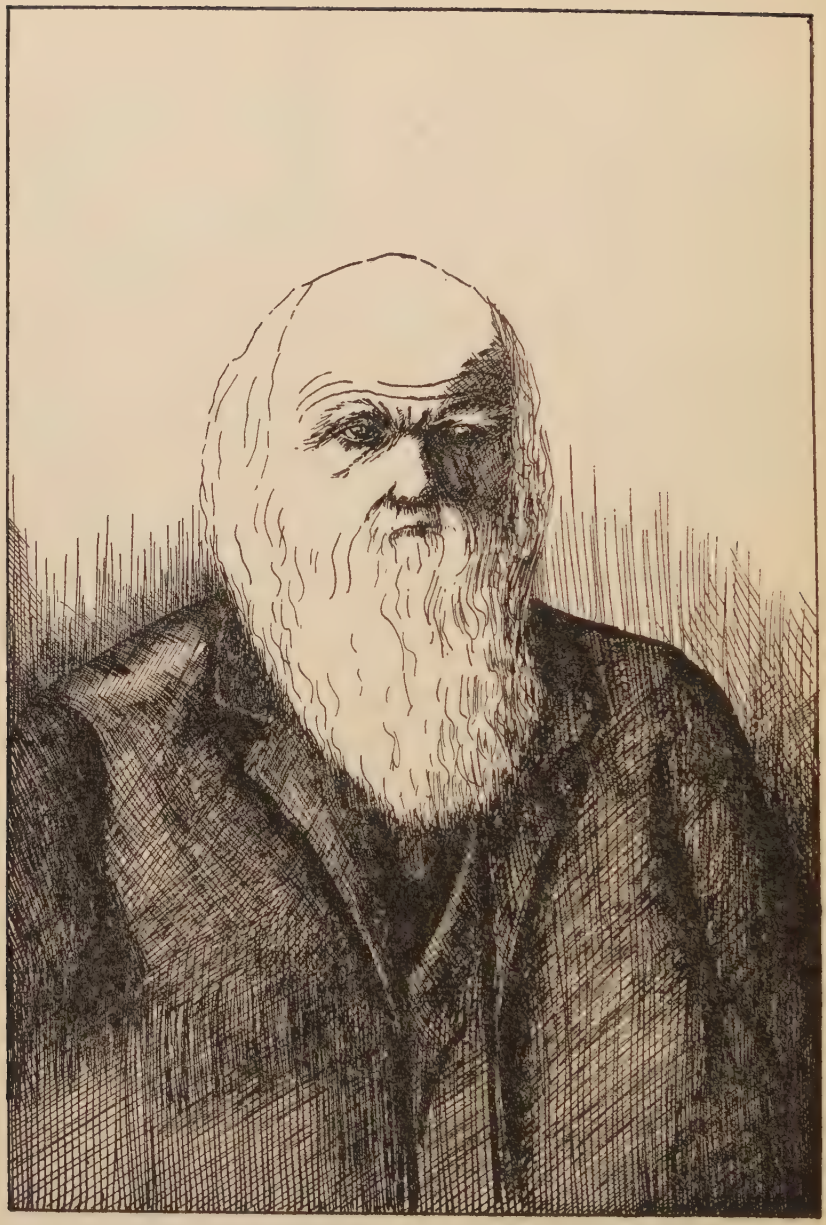
Rose. They are ready, but I must go with them.

Revera. Why, you don't need to. Everything is arranged O.K. You take care of her. *(Indicating* Mr. Green.)

Rose *(resolutely and defiantly).* I am going along with the children. I want to know where they are taken.

Revera *(impatiently).* I can't have you along. I've got to make a quick getaway with the kids, and your being along would interfere. Besides, there's Mrs. Green alone here, and in that condition. What are you going to do with her?

Rose. Do you think she cares to live without her children?



Darwin

REVERA. No, of course not. Why do you suppose I am taking all this risk and trouble? You take care of her, and I'll save the kids. *(Looking closely at her and reading the suspicion in her eyes.)* For God's sake, Rose, you don't suspect me of treachery?

ROSE *(coldly)*. Why weren't you in the Juvenile Court when the case came up?

REVERA. That's too long a story to tell you now. I haven't a single moment to spare, I tell you—for God's sake won't you trust me?

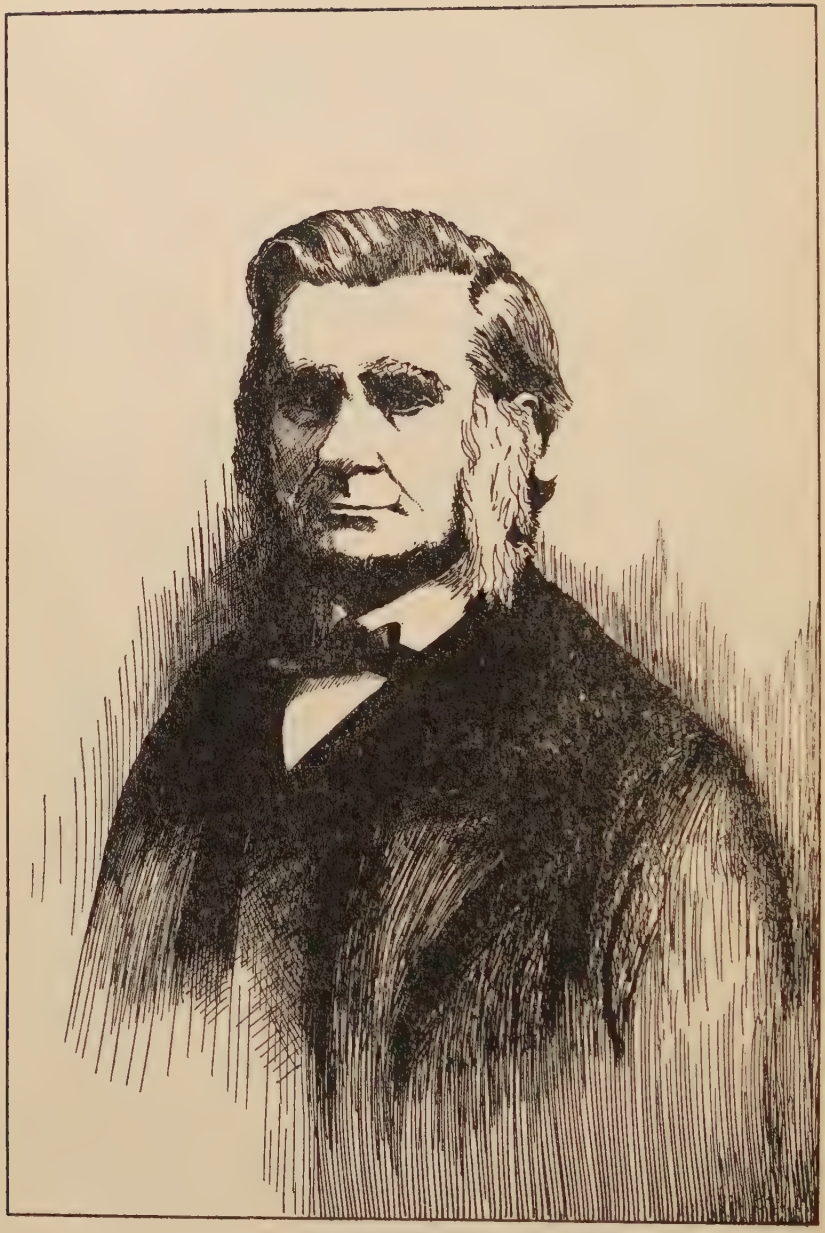
(He makes a dash for the door, motioning to the children who are already outside, to climb into the machine. ROSE *tries to follow him, but he pushes her aside and disappears. The sound of the engine hastily thrown into gear and speeded up comes into the room before* ROSE *can recover her balance and reopen the door, thrown shut by* REVERA. *She turns to* MRS. GREEN *and works over her until she recovers.)*

ROSE. There, dear, you're all right. Just lie still for a few moments.

MRS. GREEN *(weakly)*. I feel queer—as though—*(Suddenly remembers the circumstances and sits up, looking around wildly for the children.)* Where are they, Rose,—Tom and Flo?

ROSE *(smiling reassuringly)*. They're safe, dear, in the hands of friends.

MRS. GREEN. They've been taken away. I know it. Don't try to deceive me—I feel queer—terrible—in here. *(Putting her hand over her heart.)*



Huxley

Rose. Revera took the children away. I think we have been mistaken about him. I think he took them away to protect them from the law. *(The sound of another automobile drawing up in front of the house is heard.)* Here he is back again. *(She runs to the window and glances out.)* No, it's a different machine — Who can it be? — Mrs. Green, Mrs. Green, look! It's the court officials come for the children. Don't you see, dear? Revera got them away just in time. *(Laughing a little uncertainly and hysterically.)* We've fooled them, dear, we've fooled them.

(The sound of steps on the porch and the heavy knock of a police officer.)

Mrs. Green. Will you open the door, dear? I can't.

*(*Rose *goes to the door and throws it open, admitting* Harry James, *a plain clothes operative. Young, fairly good looking, and trying to be hardboiled, but not succeeding too well.)*

Rose *(with veiled sarcasm).* Won't you come in?

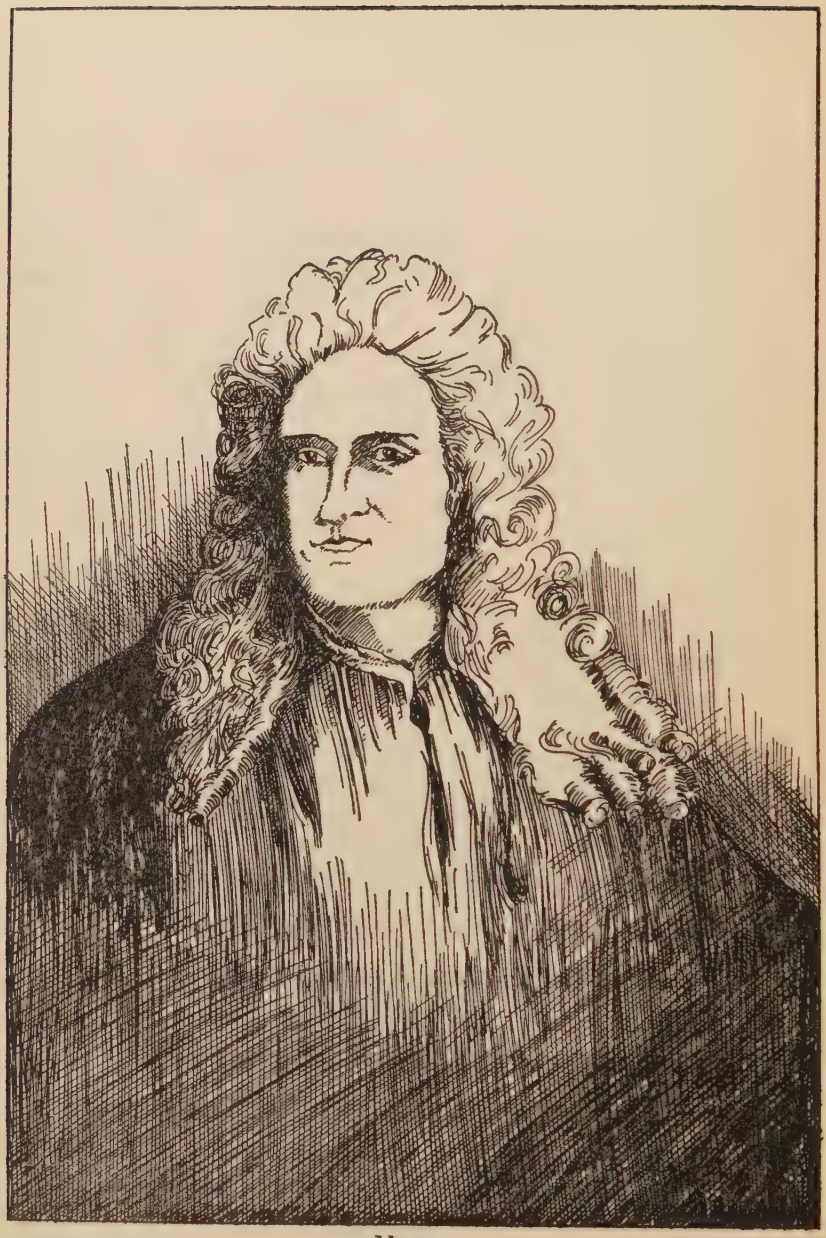
James. I have a court order here for two children. *(He hands* Rose *a slip of paper.)*

Rose *(gazing with exaggerated concern around the room.)* Why I don't see any children here.

James. Well, you'd better see them, pretty quick, at that.

Rose. How many sets of children do you think the Greens have? One car has come for them already.

James. What are you trying to hand me, anyway? Do you know you're getting gay with a decision of the Supreme Court? The Juvenile Court is under the protection of the



Newton

Supreme Court, and I wouldn't advise you to try to play with a decision from it.

ROSE. Play? Not I. It's the court that's been playing—playing with a mother's heart—playing with two small children.

JAMES. Do you think a woman like that is fit to bring up children? To say nothing of a father who's under arrest for burglary?

ROSE. Who's charged with burglary, you mean.

JAMES. Same thing.

ROSE. And do you know the cause of it all?

JAMES. Do I know the cause of it? Sure I do. It's just stupidity and immorality and plain laziness.

ROSE *(coming close to him and speaking with a great deal of emphasis).* The cause of it is poverty—poverty—poverty.

JAMES *(forgetting his "hardboiledness" for the moment. Almost as though to himself).* God, and don't I know what that means!.

ROSE *(earnestly).* Riches—gotten from low wages, long hours, and the slavery of men, women, and children.

JAMES *(remembering himself and getting on his dignity again).* That's enough of your anarchist and socialist tommy-rot. The world has always been that way and always will be. *(Turning importantly to* MRS. GREEN.*)* Madam, I have come for your children. Don't keep me waiting, I am an officer of the law.

MRS. GREEN *(rising to face him, all the pent-up torture and suffering blazing out through the look of intense hatred she*

turns on him. She speaks slowly, clearly, and in a low, tense, piercing tone of voice that carries a heavy cargo of ominous menace). You beast, you vulture—the curse of heaven upon you and the judge that has torn my children from me. Curse you—curse you.

JAMES. Why take it out on me? I'm only obeying orders.

ROSE *(quietly).* Do you know the circumstances of this case?

JAMES. I'm not supposed to bother about circumstances. As an officer, it's my duty to——

ROSE *(interrupting).* As a man, it's your duty to know what you're doing. Do you know what it means to see little children—your own little children dying from starvation before your very eyes?

JAMES *(uneasily).* Oh, it wasn't as bad as all that.

ROSE. It was worse than all that. If you were a man, would you let your kids starve, or would you go and get some food for them, no matter where?

(JAMES *is silent.)*

ROSE *(suddenly).* Have you any kids?

JAMES. Yes, three—but——

ROSE. No "buts" about it. Would you have let them starve?

JAMES *(reluctantly).* No.

ROSE. You bet you wouldn't. And neither did Mr. Green. If you were a woman would you let those children die, or would you have gotten food the best way you knew how? (JAMES *does not reply, but is obviously extremely uneasy; his*

honesty is at war with his sense of duty.) And if the only way your tortured brain could think of was the way Mr. Green tried, would you have taken that way, or would you have sat down calmly and watched your kiddies die?

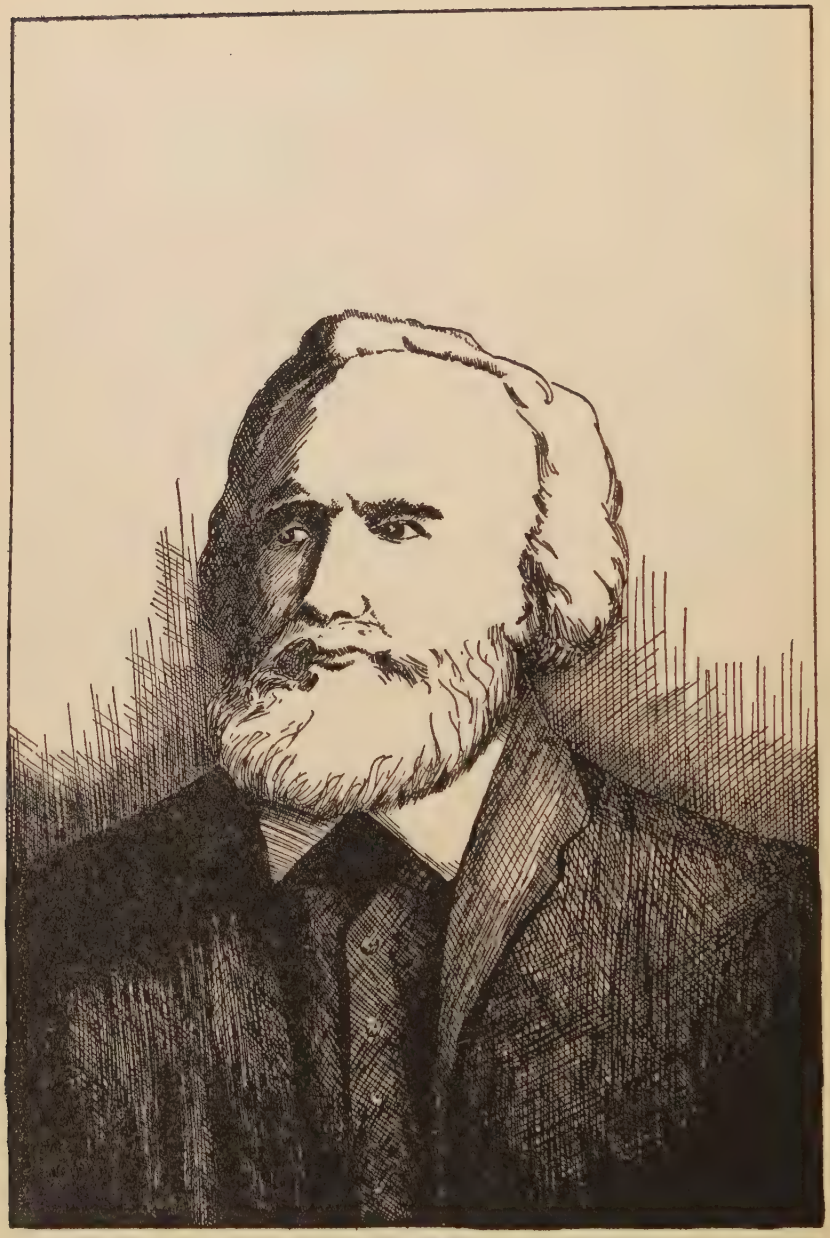
JAMES *(masking his feelings by a sudden bursqueness).* Oh, hell, what's all the potter about? Tell you what. I'll probably lose my job for this, but here, we'll forget I came. I am an officer of the law, but hell—I got kids, too. Of course I'd have done what you did. Nothing else would 'a been human—I may get the can tied to me for this, but I'll just lose that order—and fix it up somehow at headquarters for you. Don't know how, but I'll see to it somehow.

(As ROSE *and* MRS. GREEN *both start forward to thank him, he turns and strides out the door. The reaction has left* MRS. GREEN *limp. She slips down on the couch, sobbing, and* ROSE *comes to her to reassure her, patting her shoulder.)*

ROSE. That's over now, dear. You must control yourself for the children's sake now. They need your strength, and you will be of no use to them or to Mr. Green if you let yourself go.

MRS. GREEN *(with a visible effort for conrol).* Yes, dear, I'll try. Of course. Oh, Rose, forgive me for causing you so much trouble.

ROSE. Never mind me, dear. I've stood lots in my time, and I'm going to have to stand lots more, I guess. So I have to be brave, just simply because there's nothing else for me to be. . . . Does Jim know about the children? . . . About the



Haeckel

court taking them away from you—or trying to take them away from you?

MRS. GREEN. Yes. He's nearly crazy over it all. He walks the floor night and day.

ROSE. Do you think they can prove anything on him?

MRS. GREEN. He was arrested trying to pawn the watch.

ROSE. Why in the world did he try to pawn the watch? He might know he'd be caught.

MRS. GREEN. The money did not last long, and I guess he thought he had to take the chance.

(A knock is heard on the door and ROSE *goes to answer it. She opens the door and* REVERA *steps in.)*

REVERA. Hello, folks. Are you feeling better, Mrs. Green?

MRS. GREEN. Where are my children?

REVERA. My dear woman, they are safe in the country with some very good friends of mine.

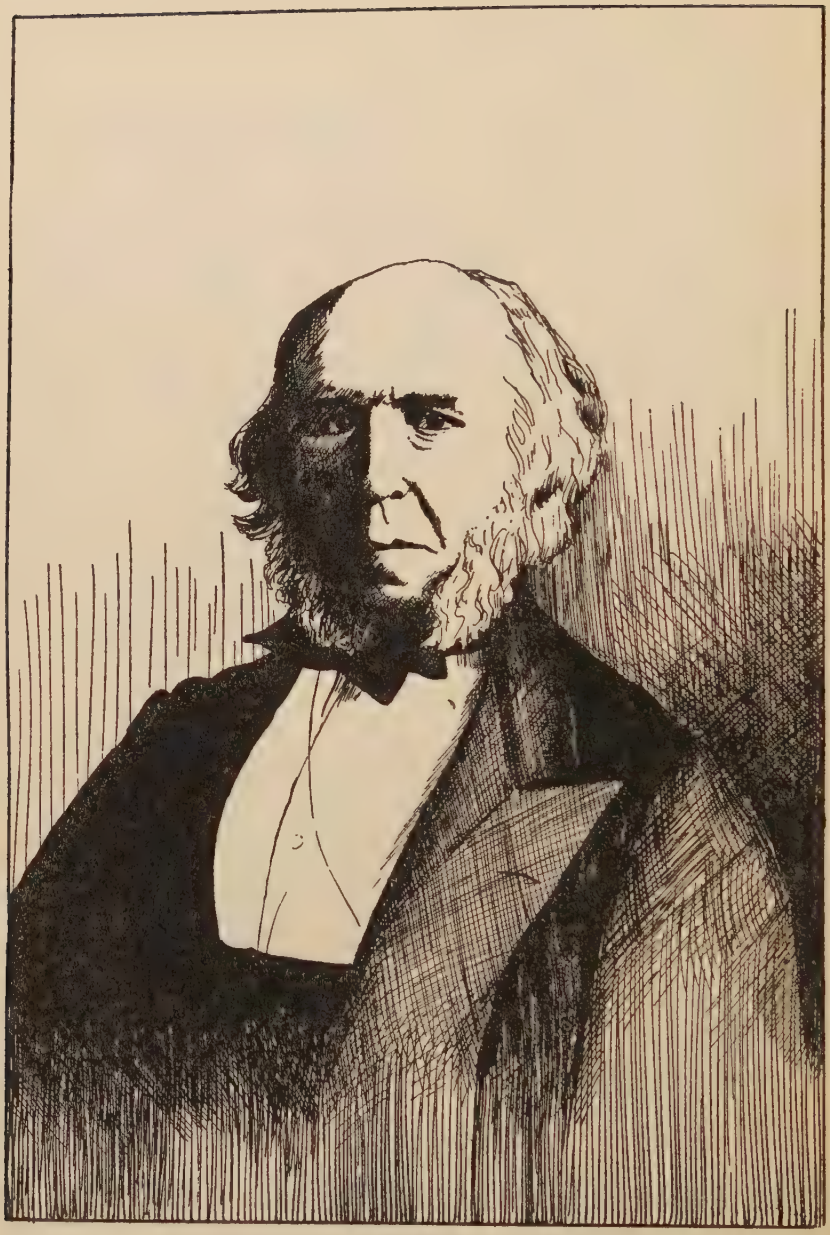
MRS. GREEN. Oh, thank God.

REVERA. Did his royal highness, the court official, come around?

ROSE. He did.

REVERA *(laughing heartily and removing his hat and coat)*. I'll bet he was mad.

ROSE. We should worry. But for mercy's sake tell us what kind of a game you are playing. It seems very funny to me that you weren't in court to help us. I was the only witness on Mrs. Green's side, and of course she lost out, especially since Mr. Green was arrested for burglary.



Spencer

REVERA. And do you think for a single moment that the honorable court would have changed its august opinion on the testimony of a poor working man? Why, don't you know, with all your experience in such matters, that the courts—all of them—have no use whatever for the working man unless he's backed up by some sort of power?

ROSE. You might have tried, at least.

REVERA. It would only have been useless and foolish. Why, in the ear of the honorable judge my testimony would count about as much against Goodman's and that society leader and moral purifier with him, as the yelp of a dog. No sir, I rustled around and got my own court together.

(A look of surprise passes over the countenance of both women, as they sit arm in arm across the couch from REVERA.*)*

ROSE *(slowly)*. Your own court! I don't think I understand.

REVERA *(lighting a cigarette)*. *My own court* is what I said. What do you think a court is?

MRS. GREEN *(bitterly)*. A court is a place where justice is handed out to those that can pay for it—and anything but justice to those that can't pay.

REVERA. That's about the size of it, all right. A court is supposed to administer justice.

ROSE. Justice to the socially dominant class, of course.

REVERA. Why, of course. Supposing the horses and their drivers should have a quarrel, and the drivers should bring their horses into court to settle it. Do you think the horses

would have any show? They'd get justice, all right—justice handed out by their drivers in the form of a good sound whipping for kicking over the traces, or for not obeying the commands of their bosses, the drivers. If the horses wanted real justice, they'd have to gather together and hold horse court and render horse decisions and place them before the drivers. They'd have to tell them that at a certain moment they'd all balk if their decisions were not carried out to the letter, and in the spirit. . . . You needn't laugh, Rose. That sounds silly, I know, but that is exactly the situation of affairs in our own human civilization. The laborers are nothing more nor less than human horses. The employing classes are drivers. The laborer can neither kick nor balk, but they get it in the neck every time they apply for justice. That's perfectly fair, of course—perfectly fair.

(He leans back in the chair and sends a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, speculatively watching it curl.)

Rose *(impatiently)*. Well, what did you do?

Revera. I got my horse sense and placed it before the other horses—which is to say, that I went to my union and told them the whole story. The union selected a committee to investigate the matter and to act. The committee went to the carpenters' union, which Jim belongs to, and the matter was thrashed over again there and then taken to the labor council. But all this took a lot of time. The labor council appointed a committee that had a little interview with the judge yesterday. The judge said he would give the Green case a hearing. In the meantime the children would be in the hands of the Juvenile Court unless they should disappear.

ROSE *(smiling appreciatively)*. And they disappeared.

REVERA. Yes, they disappeared. . . . You see, we found that two of the most prominent members of the Juvenile Court committee owned controlling interest in two factories that are very busy now—and I think something was whispered in their ears about the workers in these factories taking a long holiday—right away—if the Green children were swallowed up by the Juvenile Court. Besides, His Honor practically owns an iron factory where the pesky horses might balk, too. . . . You see, after all, it's all horse power. All we need to get horse justice is a little horse sense.

(The tears of gratitude are streaming down MRS. GREEN'S *face as she rises and, going impulsively over to* REVERA, *throws herself on her knees before him.)*

MRS. GREEN. How can I ever, ever thank you for what you have done for me? And the children are still mine, then?

REVERA *(embarrassedly, as he lifts her tenderly and assists her to a seat)*. My dear woman, don't make me sorry for what I have done by humiliating yourself.

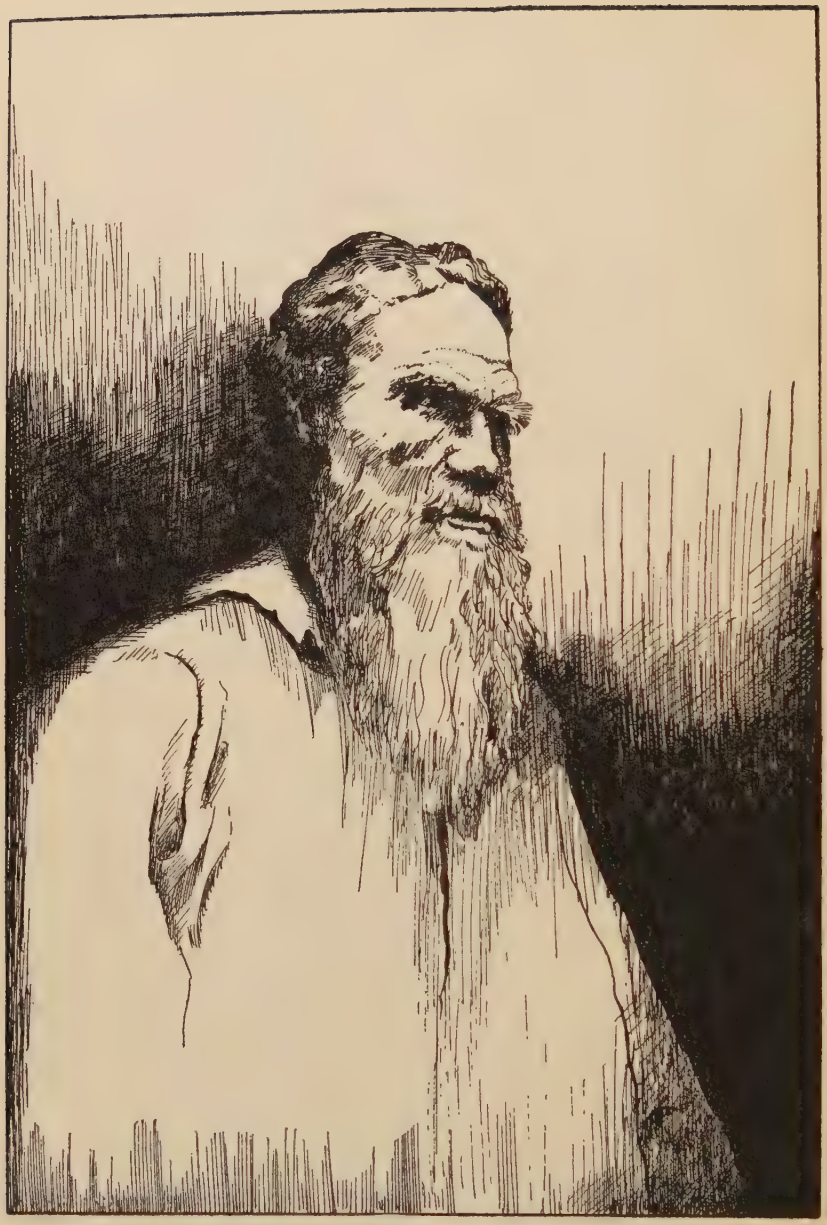
MRS. GREEN. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you.

REVERA. Why should you be grateful to me? It has made me very happy to be able to do it for you—but you women are trying to spoil me by inflating my ego like a balloon.

(ROSE *laughs quietly, a soft, beautiful light in her eyes as she looks at* REVERA.)

MRS. GREEN. Where did you take the children?

REVERA. Out in the country to an old couple who live off by themselves in a little house with a big garden around it.



Tolstoy

You may go and see them, but you had better wait until everything is settled.

MRS. GREEN. Good! We'll go and see them as soon as everything is fixed. Jim and I——*(She stops suddenly, smitten with the new terror brought into her realization by the mention of her husband.)* Jim! My God, I had forgotten! Poor Jim! To think he is—in prison, for my sake, with no chance in the world, not a single chance.

REVERA. Oh, yes, he has. His union has taken up his case and is to furnish bail today.

MRS. GREEN. It is! He'll be out today?

REVERA. I'm not sure, but I hope so.

ROSE. You certainly did some tall hustling.

REVERA *(with a deprecatory wave of his hand)*. Why, it's all been fun. You know Stirner said something about the ego blowing the world out in one breath. Well, I feel as though I could blow it into new life. It really takes very little to make a man happy in this world, but that little must be worth while. . . . Talk about nobody doing anything except for pay! Why, do you know that all the dirty, mean things are done for pay, while all the things really worth while are done just for the love of human nature; just for the love of doing good?

(A knock is heard on the door and ROSE *opens it to reveal* GOODMAN *standing on the porch, a pious, sanctimonious look on his face.)*

GOODMAN. How do you do, friends. I came over to see what I could do for Sister Green.

Let there be peace on earth and liberty for all mankind

MRS. GREEN *(her face flushed with anger)*. Thank you very much indeed, Mr. Goodman. I need nothing from you. Your testimony against me in the court was all I want from you.

GOODMAN. My dear woman, there was no other course left open to me. I stand for justice and a clean life.

REVERA. This occasion doesn't call for a sermon.

GOODMAN. I'm talking to Sister Green. You are not called upon to listen. If you had listened to a few more sermons in your life—particularly sermons upon moral questions—this might not have happened.

REVERA. Oh, yes, it would. It would have happened the same, only the result would have been worse. She'd never have seen her kids again. Once they disappear through the portals of the Juvenile Court with its detention home, and its distributing agencies, their paths become so tangled that even a mother can't find them.

GOODMAN *(hotly)*. Sir, there are no organizations your words can besmirch. You believe in neither law, nor order, nor anything else.

REVERA. Oh, yes, I do. But I believe in natural law and order, not that artificial law and order that can only be enforced by punishment, stone walls, guns, and bayonets.

GOODMAN. I am not interested in your kind of law and order.

REVERA. Then how do you expect me to be interested in yours?

GOODMAN *(waving him aside with a sweep of his hand as though unworthy of consideration).* What are you going to do, Sister Green? You can't stay here alone? What does this man mean when he hints that the children are not in the custody of the Juvenile Court?

ROSE. I don't see that it's any of your business.

GOODMAN. My calling makes it my business. Why is it that the crowds condemn a minister no matter what he does?

ROSE. Because you are all two thousand years behind the times. What do you do to earn your pay?

GOODMAN. Isn't the laborer worthy of his hire? *(Turning to* MRS. GREEN *as though this shot were enough to squelch* ROSE *and settle the matter.)* Sister Green has not yet answered me about the children.

MRS. GREEN. And what is more, I don't intend to answer you.

REVERA. We have fixed it all up satisfactorily.

GOODMAN. And who are "we"?

REVERA. The laboring class, my dear fellow, the laboring class. Or maybe you didn't know there *was* a laboring class? . . . You ought to, though, since your father was a member of that class.

GOODMAN. How do you know what my father was? . . . I am not ashamed of having worked myself up.

REVERA. What do you mean by working yourself up?

GOODMAN. I mean up—intellectually.

REVERA. I don't see why you call it work. You do nothing that can be called work. You like everything you do; it's pleasant for you.

GOODMAN. Why don't the workers do the work they like best?

REVERA. Because they have no chance to choose the work they want to do. Most of us are forced out to work as mere children. We are forced to take anything we can get hold of, and we grind at that so long that we are dead mentally before we begin to live. The good in us is already killed off long before you fellows come along and tell us that if we're good we'll all meet in heaven.

GOODMAN. I cannot accept your views of life.

REVERA. My dear fellow, we don't have views. We have conditions; you have the views.

GOODMAN. Well, I can't waste my time arguing with you. I came to do my duty by Sister Green. I am going to put her in a home we have found for her.

MRS. GREEN. A home! What home?

GOODMAN. It is the home of a very nice family. Of course, you will be required to help with household duties and take care of the children, or help take care of them.

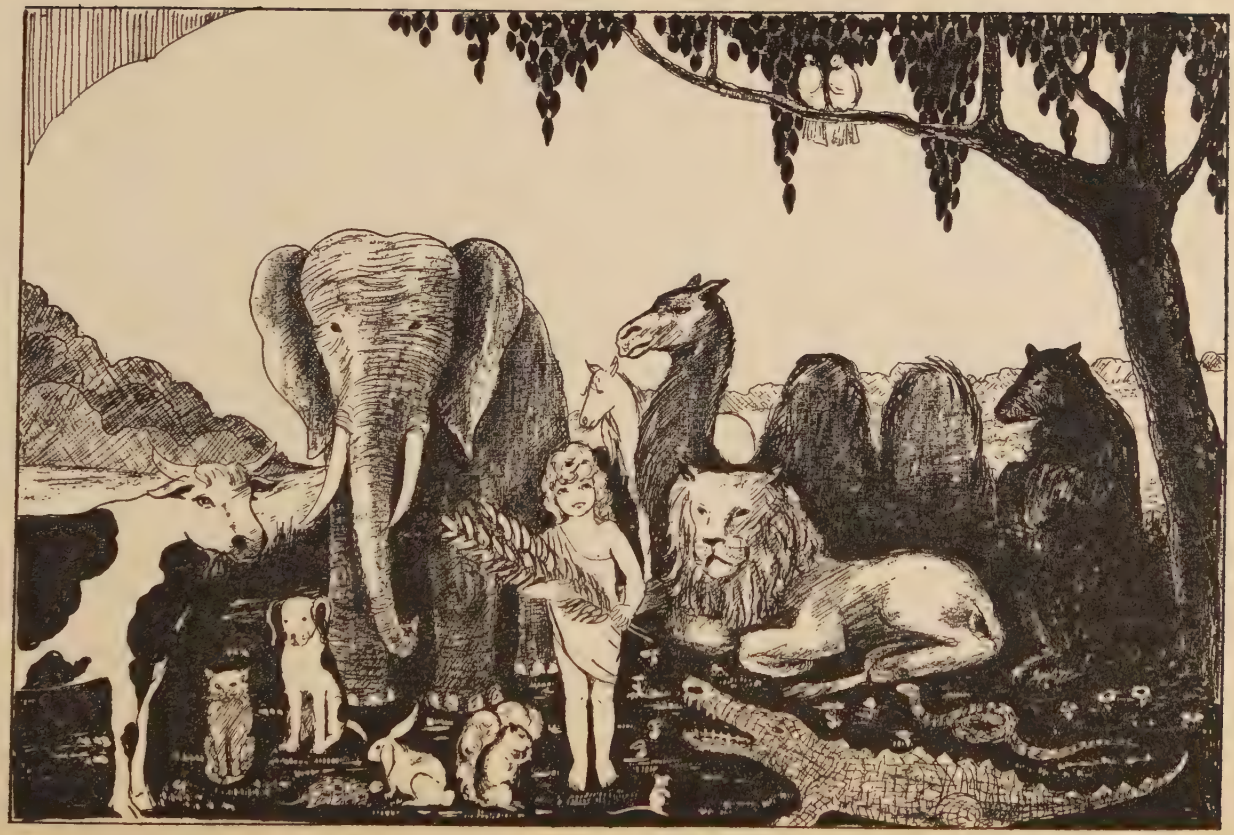
ROSE. Good Lord, what a hypocrite!

GOODMAN. What's that?

ROSE. Yes, I said "hypocrite." You went into court and swore that Mrs. Green was not fit to take care of her own children, and now you come and very condescendingly offer her a chance to take care of other people's children.

GOODMAN. I'm helping her to the point where she can earn an honest living.

REVERA. Good Lord, is right!



Peace

(The door opens, and Miss Redford *enters.)*

Miss Redford. Oh, there you are, Mr. Goodman. I have been looking for you. No one answered my knock on the front door, so I came in anyway. Have you told Mrs. Green of our good luck in finding a home for her?

Goodman. I am afraid the woman does not appreciate the trouble we have taken for her.

Miss Redford. Why, what else can she do?

Rose. Don't you worry, you busybody. Mrs. Green has her family—her own family to take care of.

Miss Redford. But I don't understand. Her family!——

Rose. Is stolen by the state and the community, you mean!

Revera. You forget, young lady, that there is a state within a state, a community within a community. The laboring class came to the rescue of its own members. That is why Mrs. Green still has her family, in spite of you.

Miss Redford *(bewildered)*. But what becomes of law?

Revera. The law is playing golf with Rockefeller, having a perfectly lovely time. . . . Now, really, we are much alike after all; can't you leave your justice, your views, and your laws for a moment, and take a look on our side of the fence? You know as well as I do that these people were driven to do what they did out of dire necessity.

Miss Redford. But if everybody did that way the world would become demoralized.

Revera. Nonsense! . . . What's more, why should you worry so much over the social world that you sacrifice indi-

Love

vidual life to keep it swinging in the paths that you consider good for it?

Rose. It is the world of society, or whatever you call it, that injured the whole Green family. It is society that is immoral, and that drove them to commit what you call crime and immorality. It is society that should be punished and disgraced and you should be ashamed to uphold it.

Miss Redford. I never looked at it that way, Rose. But I can see now that there is really something in what you say.

Goodman. So do I, but I do not go so far as to throw overboard all laws and customs, for I think they are both good and necessary. Sometimes I think I am a socialist—and indeed, one of the most popular ministers in town is a socialist, and I never saw him do harm to anybody.

Miss Redford *(to* Mrs. Green). Where are your children?

Mrs. Green. With good friends.

Miss Redford. Indeed, I am so glad; but you know, in spite of all, the law must be carried out. Law is one of our most sacred inheritances, and we must not violate it. I should not be true to my duty if I told you otherwise. It doesn't mean that I am harsh. Indeed, I cried over you the other night, and I give you my sympathy, but law is law, and duty is duty.

Rose *(mockingly)*. Yes, law is law, and duty is duty. It is the duty of the devil to tempt man, and the law of heaven that he must be punished. What would happen if the old boy didn't do his duty, Miss Redford?

Miss Redford *(seriously)*. He won't forget, never fear.

ROSE. But don't you wish he would? . . . Why do you want to be so much like the devil in carrying out your "duty"? You don't look as though you were made that way. And why can't you let heaven mind its own business concerning the law of punishment? I don't really think heaven needs much assistance, really I don't.

MISS REDFORD. The world would fall into chaos if we didn't attend to our duty.

REVERA. It seems to be pretty blamed near chaos now, with all kinds of conflicting ideas of duty. It seems to be the duty of everyone to prevent everyone else from doing their duty.

(The door opens and JAMES GREEN *enters. His bearing is entirely changed. He carries himself with confidence and vigor, and the whole world seems bright to him, as evidenced by his smile. His wife retires to one corner, as though still in fear of him.* MISS REDFORD *and* GOODMAN *hold out their hands in ostentatious greetings to him, but he passes them by and goes smilingly up to* ROSE *and* REVERA, *holding out his hands to them.)*

GREEN. Rose, you are an angel of mercy and goodness. I can never thank you enough for what you have done for us. *(Turning to* REVERA *and taking both his hands.) And you,* Revera, no matter what you profess, are the noblest man on earth. I'm going to make my life one long apology to you for what the demon Alcohol made me do.

(His face expresses the contrition that words echo.)

REVERA. Forget it. No more whisky, no more demon.

GREEN. Never again. Once was enough — *(Suddenly, and anxiously, to* ROSE.) Where is my wife? *(He discovers her before* ROSE *has time to answer and she rushes into his arms. He kisses her again and again. Then he looks around anxiously once more.)* The children—where are they?

ROSE. Revera beat the court officer to it and carried them off to the country, where they're probably filling themselves with eats and fun right now.

GREEN. Whatever Revera does is O.K. with me.

REVERA. I wanted to get them safely out of harm's way—or rather, the Juvenile Court's way; it's the same thing.

(Union men rush in carrying GREEN *on shoulders.)*

REVERA. Here he is—free!

GREEN. I can hardly believe that I am free—and it was mostly done by Rose, the godless, and Revera, the anarchist.

(They form in a happy, chattering group, laughing and exultant. REVERA *steps out of the group and produces a manuscript from his coat pocket and reads.)*

Happiness

OUTCLASSED

The Devil sat by the lake of fire on a pile of sulphur kegs;
His head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs;
A look of shame was on his face—the sparks dripped from his eyes—
He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies,
"I'm down and out," the Devil said—he said it with a sob—
"There are others that outclass me, and I want to quit my job.
Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the battle line;
I'm a has-been and a piker, and therefore I resign.
One ammunition maker, with his bloody shot and shell,
Knows more about damnation than all the imps of Hell.
Give my job to profiteers or to the militaristic czars,
Or King of Crooks, or some such man of wars.
I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well,
But I feel that I'm not up to date in the art of running Hell."
And the Devil spit a squirt of steam at a brimstone bumblebee,
And muttered that he guessed he'd go and hunt up young Hindy.

CURTAIN

Epilogue

SCENE *is the same as in Prologue.* TRUTH, JUSTICE, *and* BROTHERLY LOVE *sit with their heads in their hands, listening to* WORKER'S *story.*

WORKER SPOKESMAN. And so you see, I have told my tale! Here, we, your subjects, hungry, harassed, burdened with cares—cares which are worse than toil—seek justice. We beg you to see the situation in its true light—and hand out judgment to us! *(Cries from the mob.)*

FIRST WORKER. He has spoken!

SECOND WORKER. He speaks our cause justly!

THIRD WORKER. He is right!

FOURTH WORKER. Judge us, fair Lady!

FIFTH WORKER. Pity our cares—our illnesses.

SIXTH WORKER. For my poor children—my little tots, I ask.

FIFTH WORKER. My children go hungry!

SIXTH WORKER. My little boy was sent home from the school—he had nothing but rags to wear—they mocked his honest blue denims!

SEVENTH WORKER. We do not beg finery or silks! We only beg justice—we want our natural rights!

WORKER SPOKESMAN. The rights of man to live and breathe in a clean air—in a clean, just life—to meet his fel-

low men without nervous burdens that keep him from comradeship with his fellows—the right to have our children plump and rosy—proper education for our young ones—*not charity we seek, but truth and justice and brotherly love.*

(The three are sitting with heads in their hands, meditating, touched by the sad story. They look at the mob sadly. JUSTICE *turns to* TRUTH *in a beseeching manner.)*

FIRST WORKER. Not gifts we want—but equal rights.

SECOND WORKER. We are not asking for bread lines—for donations—we want equality and the right to share the happiness of life with all our fellow men!

THIRD WORKER. We want the right to self-respect.

FOURTH WORKER. We do not think honest labor is slavery. We do not mind clean toil—but we demand emancipation from ignominious poverty! We are being made wage slaves.

FIFTH WORKER. Natural resources have been stolen by private individuals . . . and they have made theft sacred.

THIRD WORKER. We have no other way of living than by selling ourselves!

FOURTH WORKER. We are made old before our youth!

WORKER SPOKESMAN. Here we lay our cause and story, Lady Truth. The tale you have heard is only one of many—one little pebble from the boulders strewn along the path of life. There are millions of us—our cry is the cry of all! For ages we have not spoken save in little murmurs! It is not individuals now against whom we raise our voice—it is the whole order of things. We come here, beseeching—this pres-

ent economic situation is not right, true, or just. Hear, then, Lady and Judge. Will you not open the eyes of the world?

First Worker. What is your word, Lady?

Second Worker. Judgment!

Third Worker or Mob. Tell us! We have spoken! Help us!

Truth *(nods, arises from her seat, and goes to the edge of the dais. Holds right hand up as in benediction, then speaks. A clear light shines from her.)*. Dearly beloved—still your cries! I have listened carefully and have judged as well as I can. Together, Brotherly Love here *(she motions on her right)*, and Justice here *(motions on her left)*, with these, I am ready to give judgment. Worker, you plead a good cause—a cause that is worthy. For ages there has been need of a worthy spokesman—and the workers of the world have been asleep in a slough of lethargy—there has been no one to awaken them. You have told me your difficulties—of the exorbitant scale of life surrounding you—your exclusion from the little things that add to happiness. Now more—you are being forced from the very necessities of life.

But listen to me, worker—it is not the fault of any one man—it is the culmination of all the evils of the centuries! For ages, drop by drop, poison has seeped into the system of our civilization—from the first of our chaotic world, when the earth was still not completely formed—then greed and covetousness entered. The venom of their influence has gathered—till now our whole system is swollen, bloated, and infected.

No wonder, my friends, that there is feverish war—and sick, horrible things happen. And, my friends, listen—the solution lies with yourselves!

WORKER. With us?

FIRST WORKER. How can we help? We, the most burdened of all?

SECOND WORKER. We try—we have failed!

TRUTH. But now the time has come when the eyes of Truth are open to the situation. We know the difficulties—the hardships. My helpers—Love, Justice—are on your side. Now you must open the eyes of the world. Open the eyes of the blind—the uncaring and the apathetic! Show and convince them—as ye have shown me! War will not change conditions—revolt and the downfall of tyrants aided by coördination, coöperation, and the awareness of the world will solve your problem! *(She takes the hands of* JUSTICE and LOVE, *and the three stand united.)* Come forward, Brother Worker! *(He comes forward and she extends her hands over him. The clear light bathes him, in sharp contrast to the supplicants whose shadows are thrown grotesquely on the dome behind him.)* And you workers of the world! You need no jury of your peers, brothers, to convince me. Truth judges for herself. And in all my justness and right I solemnly prophesy that peace and contentment will come to you——

(She turns. The lights are dimmed and in the space occupied by the throne, the upper part of the chair opens back like a window. Far in the distance are seen groups of happy workers carrying hammers and sickles singing over their work. Children are running about and women are working in their ideal world. The lights slowly fade and the voices of the singers in the distance become louder as the crowd upon the stage join them in a song of peace and happiness.)

CURTAIN

DEAR READER

MAY THIS PLAY HELP TO BRING PEACE, LOVE,
AND HAPPINESS TO THE WHOLE WORLD.
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND ATTENTION.

—THE AUTHOR.